

H. D. R. & C. L.

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THE
WORKS
OF
HORACE,

TRANSLATED INTO VERSE.

WITH A
PROSE INTERPRETATION,
FOR THE HELP OF STUDENTS.
AND OCCASIONAL NOTES.

BY
CHRISTOPHER SMART, A. M.

Sometime Fellow of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge,
And Scholar of the Univerfity.

O carminum dulces notæ,
Quas ore pulchre melleo
Fundis Lyræq; succinis!

VOLUME II.

LONDON:

Printed for W. FLEXNEY, in Holborn; Meff. JOHNSON and Co.
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MDCC LXVII.

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MDCCLXXVII.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI
C A R M I N U M.
LIBER TERTIUS.

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ODES OF HORACE.

Vol. II.

B

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI
C A R M I N U M.
LIBER TERTIUS.

O D E XV.

IN CHLORIM.

Ut jam vetula, petulantiae & libidini modum constituat.

UXOR pauperis Ibyci,
Tandem nequitiae fige modum tuæ,
Famosisque laboribus.
Maturo propior define funeri
Inter ludere virgines,
Et stellis nebulam spargere candidis.
Non, si quid Pholoën satis,
Et te, Chlори, dicet. Filia rectius

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O wife of that poor man Ibycus! at last put an end to your naughtiness, and your works of ill fame; cease, now nearer to your timely funeral, to play amongst the virgins, and to intermix a cloud amidst the bright stars. If any thing becomes Pholoe sufficiently, it does not you, Chloris, in like manner;

THE
THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ODES OF HORACE.

O D E XV.

ON CHLORIS.

That now being old, she would set some bounds to her impudence and lasciviousness.

POOR Ibycus his wife,
At length, methinks, 'tis time
To quit your wicked life,
And each flagitious crime :
You should the better, sure, behave,
Now you are verging on the grave.
Sure now you should desist,
Amidst the brilliant stars,
To spread a gloomy mist :
For decency debars
That 'mongst the maidens you should play,
Like Pholoe the young and gay.

4 Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMINUM. L. 3.

Expugnat juvenum domos,

Pulso Thyas uti concita tympano.

Illam cogit amor Nothi

Lascivæ similem ludere capræ :

Te lanæ prope nobilem

Tonsæ Luceriam, non citharæ, decent,

Nec flos purpureus rosæ,

Nec poti vetulam facce tenus cadi.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

manner ; your daughter more excusably storms the dwellings of the young men, like the Thyad roused by the timbrel that is beat upon. Her the love of Nothus makes to gambel about like a wanton she-goat. The wool shorn near the noble Luceria

Your daughter, with less shame,
 May rouse up our young rakes,
 While Bacchanalian dame
 Her timbrel she awakes;
 The love of Nothus makes her brisk,
 Like goat upon the hill to frisk.
 The fair Lucerian fleece
 Not rosy wreathes to twine,
 Nor harps are of a piece
 With such an age as thine;
 Nor should an antiquated hag
 E'er boast of an exhausted cag.

PROSE INTERPRETATION

ceria befits you now an old lady, not minstrels, nor the
 purple flower of the rose, nor hogheads drank off even unto
 the dregs.

O D E XVI.

AD MÆCENATEM,

*Auro omnia patent. Horatius vero contentus est suâ sorte,
unde beatus existit.*

INCLUSAM Danaën turris ahenea,
Robustæque fores, & vigilum canum
Tristes excubiæ munierant satis

Nocturnis ab adulteris:

Si non Acrisium, virginis abditæ
Custodem pavidum, Jupiter & Venus
Risissent: fore enim tutum iter & patens,

Converso in precium deo.

Aurum per medios ire satellites,
Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius

Ictu fulmineo. Concidit auguris

Argivi domus, ob lucrum

Demersa excidio. Diffidit urbium

Portas vir Macedo, & subruit æmulos

Reges muneribus. Munera navium

Sævos illaqueant duces.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

A tower of brass and oaken doors, and the doleful vigils of watchful dogs, had sufficiently secured the imprisoned Danae from nightly fornicators, had not Jupiter and Venus derided Acrisius, the timorous keeper of the secreted maid, conscious that the way would be safe and open, the god being transformed into the price of his pleasures. Gold is fond of penetrating through the midnight guard, and to break through stone-walls, more powerful than the stroke of thunder. The house of the Argive prophet fell immersed in perdition for the sake of gain. The Macedonian hero burst the gates of cities
in

O D E XVI.

T O M Æ C E N A S.

All things are open to gold; but Horace is content with his lot, by which he remains in a state of happiness.

A TOW'R of brass, whose doors were barr'd
With oak, while, howling, upon guard,

Stood dogs, prepar'd to bite,
Had been sufficient, to be sure,
Imprison'd Danae to secure

From rakes that prowl by night:
If Jove, and she of ocean born,
Had not Acrisius laugh'd to scorn,

With all his anxious tribe;
A way they found was fair and free,
When once the god should make his plea,
Transform'd into a bribe.

Gold through the centinels can pass,
And break through rocks and tow'rs of brass,

Than thunder-bolts more strong:
That * Argive prophet lost his life,
And was undone, because his wife
Was bought to do him wrong.

The Macedon of such renown,
With gifts the city-gates broke down,

And foil'd his rival kings:
Gifts ev'n can naval chiefs ensnare,
Though rough and honest, they would care
For more superior things.

* Amphiaras, a Grecian prophet, foreseeing he should die at the siege of Troy, kept himself concealed; but was betrayed by his wife, for the sake of a golden necklace.

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam,
Majorumque famies. Jurè perhorruì
Late conspicuum tollere verticem,

Mæcenas, equitum decus.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,
A diis plura feret, nil cupientium
Nudus castra peto, & transfuga divitum

Partes linquere gestio,

Contemptæ dominus splendidior rei,
Quam si, quicquid arat non piger Appulus

Occultare meis dicerer horreis,

Magnas inter opes inops.

Puræ rivus aquæ, silvaque jugerum.

Paucorum, & segetis certa fides meæ,

Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africæ

Fallit sorte beator.

Quamquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes,

Nec Læstrygoniâ Bacchus in amphorâ

Languescit mihi, nec pinguis Gallicis

Crescunt vellera pascuis:

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

in sunder, and subverted rival kings by gifts. Gifts ensnare the rough captains of ships; solicitude, and an appetite for more, follow increasing money. With reason, therefore, O Mæcenas! glory of the knights, I have shuddered to lift up my crest widely conspicuous. The more every one shall refuse himself, the more he shall gain from the gods. Bare as I am, I seek the camps of those that crave nothing, and, as a deserter, am glad to renounce the party of the opulent; the nobler lord of a despised fortune, that if I could be said to hide in my store-houses whatsoever the Appulian, by no means an indolent husbandman, tills, a beggar in the midst of exorbitant wealth. A river of clear water, and a grove of a few acres, and a confident hope of my harvest-home, are happier things, unknown to him who is resplendent in the

Ode 16. THE ODES OF HORACE. 9

Anxiety pursues increase,
And craving never like to cease—

I have myself deny'd
With cause to lift my crest on high,
And with such men as thee to vie,

O knighthood's peerless pride.
The more a man himself refrains,
The more from hea'vn his virtue gains:

I pitch my tent with those
Who their desires, like me, divest,
And, as an enemy protest,

The slaves of wealth oppose.
More noble in my lowly lot,
Than if together I had got

Whate'er th' Appulian ploughs ;
And poor amongst great riches still,
The fruit of no mean toil and skill,
Could in my garners house.

A wood of moderate extent,
And stream of purest element,

And harvest-home secure,
Make me more happy than the weight
Of Africa's precarious state
Of empire could ensure.

What tho' nor sweet Calabrian bee
Makes his nectarious comb for me,

Nor Formian wine grows old
Within my cellars many a year,
Though from rich Gallic meads I shear
No fleeces of the fold ;

10 Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMINUM. L. 3.

Importuna tamen pauperies abest :
 Nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.
 Contracto melius parva cupidine
 Vestigalia porrigam,
 Quam si Mygdoniis regnum Halyattici
 Campis continuem. Multa petentibus,
 Desunt multa. Bene est, cui deus obtulit
 Parcâ, quod satis est, manu.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the administration of fertile Africa. Though neither Calabrian bees make honey, nor wine ripens to age for me in a Formian jar, nor rich fleeces grow in Gallic pastures; yet importunate poverty is far away; nor, if I chose more, would you deny to give it. I shall better enlarge my small finances by contracting my desires, than if I could annex the realm of

Yet want's remote, that wretched fate,

That makes a man importunate —

If more I should require,

I should not be refus'd by you —

But I must raise my revenue

By curbing my desire.

And better so, than should I add

The Lydian realm to what I had,

And all the Phrygian land;

They that crave most, possess the least —

'Tis well where'er enough's the feast;

Heav'n gives with frugal hand.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

of Halyatticus to the Phrygian plains. To those that seek after much, much is wanting. It is well with him to whom Providence has given what is sufficient with a frugal hand.

O D E XVII.

AD ÆLIUM LAMIAM.

*Lamiae nobilitatem laudat, deinde admonet ut diem crastinum
bilariter exigat.*

ÆLI, vetusto nobilis ab Lamo

(Quando & priores hinc Lamias ferunt

Denominatos, & nepotum

Per memores genus omne fastos)

Auctore ab illo ducis originem,

Qui Formiarum mœnia dicitur

Princeps, & innantem Maricæ

Littoribus tenuisse Lirin,

Late tyrannus. Cras foliis nemus

Multis & algâ littus inutili

Demissa tempestas ab Euro

Sternet: aquæ nisi fallit augur

Annosa cornix. Dum potes, aridum

Compone lignum: cras genium mero

Curabis, & porco bimestri,

Cum famulis operum solutis.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Ælius! noble from ancient Lamus, (since they report that both the first of the Lamian family had their title from hence, and all the succession of descendants through the faithful rolls) you draw your original from that founder, who is said to have held, as sovereign, the Formian bulwarks, and Liris flowing into the shores of Marica, an absolute monarch far and wide.—To-morrow a storm, let down from the east, shall strew the ground with a multitude of leaves, and the shore with vile sea-weed, unless that old foreboder of showers, the

O I V D E X V I I .

T O * Æ L I U S L A M I A .

He extols the nobility of Lamia — He then advises him to spend the morrow with merriment.

O SPRUNG from Lamus ! fam'd of old,
 Since by our fathers we were told,
 That you from him your family derive,
 And diaries that feast each rising year revive.
 From him, your fountain-head, you spring;
 Who was a most extensive king,
 And first the Formian walls was said to found
 On Liris for Marica in his current bound.
 To-morrow's eastern blast shall speed
 To strew with leaves and useless weed
 The groves, unless th' old raven's voice be vain,
 That witch of rising winds, and of descending rain.
 On your glad hearth dry billets raise,
 And (while 'tis lawful) let 'em blaze ;
 Indulge to-morrow on fat pig and wine,
 And servants call'd from work, with their gay lord to dine.

* *The Ælian family was very illustrious in Rome, and very numerous — it comprehended likewise the house of Lamia, which did to its antiquity, inasmuch that, if a man was better born than ordinary, he was proverbially called a Lamia.*

P P O S E I N T E R P R E T A T I O N .

the raven, imposes upon me. Heap up the dry wood, while it is in your power : to-morrow you shall indulge your genius with net wine, and a pig of two months old, together with your servants, freed from their day's work.

O D E XVIII.

AD FAUNUM.

*Deum silvestrem, precatur, ut per suos transiens agros sibi
suisque sit propitius.*

FAUNE, Nympharum fugientum amator
Per meos fines & aprica rura
Lenis incedas, abeasque parvis
Æquus alumnis;
Si tener pleno cadit hædus anno,
Larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
Vina crateræ, vetus ara multo
Fumat odore,
Ludit herboſo pecus omne campo,
Quum tibi nonæ redeunt Decembres,
Festus in pratis vacat otioſo,
Cum bove pagus,
Inter audaces lupus errat agnos,
Spargit agrestes tibi ſilva frondēs,
Gaudet inviſam pepuliſſe foſſor
Ter pede terram.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Faunus! the lover of the nymphs, that fly thee, in a mild mood take your walks through my borders, and ſunny farms, and depart propitious to my little younglings. If, at the completion of the year, a tender kid ſalls a ſacrifice to you, nor a profuſion of wines are wanting to the goblet, the concomitant of Venus, and the ancient altar ſteams with much ſweet odours. All the cattle gambol upon the tuſted green, when the nones of December return for your holiday. The feſtal village is at leiſure in the meadows, with the oxen,
that

O D E XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

*He beseeches the sylvan god, that, in traversing his fields,
be would be propitious to Horace and his flock.*

O FAUNUS! ardent to pursue
The nymphs that from thee bound,
Propitious all my fields review,
My sunny haunts—and favour shew
To all my younglings round.
If yearly with a tender kid
Thy presence we invoke,
And if to love and feasting bid,
You daily see th' old altar hid
In wreathes of fragrant smoke.
The cattle on the grassy plain,
Disport in active play;
Both men and flocks at ease remain,
December's nones to entertain,
Which, Faunus, is thy day.
The wolf amongst the lambs is seen,
And by the sheep's defy'd;
Down falls the foliage ever-green,
The delvers dance with joyous mien,
And throw their spades aside.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

that have nothing to do : the wolf wanders amongst the bold lambs ; the wood sheds its rural leaves for you, and the delver rejoices to have beaten the hated ground thrice with his foot.

O D E

O D E XIX.

A D T E L E P H U M.

Reprehendit eum jocosè, quod veteres historias describens, ea negligat quæ ad jucunde vivendum pertinent.

QUANTUM distet ab Inacho
 Codrus, pro patriâ non timidus mori,
 Narras, & genus Æaci,
 Et pugnata sacro bella sub Illo :
 Quo Chium pretio cadum
 Mercemur. Quis aquam temperet ignibus,
 Quo præbente domum, & quotâ
 Pelignis caream frigoribus, taces.
 Da lunæ properè novæ,
 Da noctis mediæ, da, puer, auguris
 Murenæ. Tribus aut novem
 Miscentur cyathis pocula commodis,
 Qui Musas amat impares,
 Ternos ter cyathos attonitus petet,
 Vates. Tres prôhibet supra
 Rixarum metuens, tangere Gratia

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

How far Codrus, not disheartened to die for his native country, is distant from his ancestor Inachus, and the family of Eacus, and the battles fought under the consecrated walls of Troy, you recite; but are silent at what price we may buy a hog'shead of Chian wine, who shall temper the waters of the bath with fire, who providing the house, and at what hour I may be free from the Pelignian colds.—Slave, give me a bumper for the new moon with speed, give me another for midnight, and another for Muræna, just chosen augur. Let the bowls be mixed up with three or nine com-
 modious

O D E XIX.

T O T E L E P H U S.

He raillies him in a jocosè manner, that, describing ancient histories, he neglects things pertaining to a merry life.

How distant from th' Inachian root
Was patriot * Codrus, who so bravely fell,
You in your histories compute,
Of Peleus' race, and Trojan wars you tell,
But what a cask of Chian costs,
And who the bath shall temper and prepare,
When I shall 'scape these chilling frosts,
And at whose house, to mention you forbear.
Fill up, my boy, for this new moon,
For midnight, and Muræna's num'rous † poll,
Mix liquor handily and soon,
Three or nine bumpers in each toper's bowl.
The bard that loves th' odd-number'd train
Of Muses, takes nine bumpers in his glee.
The grace, with naked sisters twain,
Fearful of wrangling, will admit but three.

* The last king of Athens, who gave his life for the good of his country. The Lacedemonians being engaged in war with the Athenians, were told by the oracle, that those should get the victory whose general should happen to be slain. Codrus, hearing of

this, disguised himself, and went amongst the Lacedemonians, whom he provoked by abuse to put him to death, upon which the Athenians came off victorious.

† At which Muræna was chosen augur.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

modious glasses: the enthusiastic poet, who loves the odd-numbered Muses, will require thrice three cups. The grace, joined

Nudis juncta sororibus.

Insanire juvat : cur Berecynthiæ

Cessant flamina tibiæ?

Cur pendet tacitâ fistula cum-lyrâ?

Parcentes ego dexteras

Odi. Sparge rosas : audiat invidus

Dementem strepitum Lycus :

Et vicina seni non habilis Lyco.

Spissâ te nitidum comâ,

Puro te similem Telephe Vespero,

Tempestiva petit Chloe :

Me lentus Glyceræ torret amor meæ.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

joined to her naked sisters, forbids to meddle with more than three, as apprehensive of janglings. It is our pleasure to be frantic. Why cease the blasts of the Berecynthian clarion? Why does the pipe idly dangle with the silent lyre? I hate sparing hands : scatter roses, let the invidious Lycus hear the ranting

It is my pleasure to be mad,
 Why cease to blow the Bérecynthian horn?
 Why hang the pipe and harp so sad?
 All niggard hearts and sparing hands I scorn.
 Bring roses, bring abundance in,
 Let neighbour Lycus, and his blooming girl,
 Unfit for Lycus, hear our din,
 To mortify that old invidious churl.
 At thee, with bushy hair so spruce,
 And bright as Vesper, buxom Chloe aims;
 Me slow-consuming cares reduce,
 As Glycera now checks, now fans the flames.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ranting noise, and our fair neighbour, not very proper for the old Lycus. Chloe, of a fit age, O Telephus! aims at thee, spruce with thy bushy locks; at thee, like the clear evening-star: me the love of Glycera burns with slow fires.

O D E XX.

A D P Y R R H U M

Ne fornosum Nearchum à suâ meretriculâ abstrahat.

NON vides quanto moveas periclo,

Pyrrhe, Getulæ catulos leonæ?

Dura post paulo fugies inaudax

Prælia raptor:

Quum per obstantes juvenum catervas

Ibit insignem repetens Nearchum:

Grande certamen, tibi præda cedat

Major an illi.

Interim dum tu celeres sagittas

Promis, hæc dentes acuit timendos:

Arbiter pugnæ posuisse nudo

Sub pede palmam

Fertur, & leni recreare vento

Sparsum odoratis humerum capillis:

Qualis aut Nireus fuit, aut aquosâ

Raptus ab Idâ.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Pyrrhus! do you not see at what peril you are moving the whelps of the Getulian lions? In a little while, you, a ravisher without sufficient courage, shall fly the hardy fight; when she shall go through the opposing troops of youths, seeking her beautiful Nearchus back again; a grand conflict, whether a greater portion of the prey shall fall to thee or her. In the mean time, while you draw out your swift darts, she whets her dreadful teeth: the umpire of the encounter is reported to have put the palm under his naked foot, and regaled his shoulder, overspread with his essenced hair, by the soft breeze; such as was Nireus, or he that was ravished from the marshy Ida.

O D E XX.

T O P Y R R H U S.

*That he should not force away the beautiful Nearchus from
his mistress.*

O PYRRHUS! what art thou about,

The lions's cubs to move,

And take her very fav'rite out?

Full soon the plund'rer, none-so-stout,

Th' attack will disapprove.

When he shall pass along the train

Of rakes, that for their mistress stir,

Who shall have best of the campaign,

Shalt thou thy friend to good regain,

Or leave to vice and her?

Mean time, while you the darts acute

Present—she whets her dreadful tooth,

Lo! he degrades beneath his foot

That palm, the price of this dispute,

The long-contested youth,

With his loose locks perfum'd and curl'd,

For sportive zephyrs there to play,

Like Nireus in his form begirl'd,

Or * who, from Ida and the world,

To heav'n was snatch'd away.

* *Ganymede.*

O D E XXI.

A D A M P H O R A M.

Jocose eam admonet, ut vinum vetustum in Corvini gratiam effundat, unde occasione oblata, vini laudes commemorat.

O N A T A mecum consule Manlio,
 Seu tu querelas, five geris jocos,
 Seu rixam & insanos amores,
 Seu facilem pia testa somnum :
 Quocunque lectum nomine Massicum
 Servas, moveri digna bono die :
 Descende, Corvino jubente,
 Promere languidiora vina.
 Non ille, quanquam Socraticis madet
 Sermonibus, te negliget horridus :
 Narratur & prisca Catonis
 Sæpe mero caluisse virtus.
 Tu lene tormentum ingenio admoves
 Plerumque duro : tu sapientium
 Curas & arcanum jocosum
 Consilium retegis Lyæo :

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O jar ! that was produced at the same time with me, Manlius being consul, whether you are fraught with complaints, or jests, or quarrel, or frantic loves, or rather consecrated, as you are, to gentle sleep ; under whatever denomination you preserve the choice Massic wine, worthy to be removed in a good day, come down at the instance of Corvinus, bidding me to draw the older wine. He, though he is tinctured in the Socratic lectures, will not despise thee in a brutish manner.

The

O D E XXI.

TO HIS WINE-JAR.

He pleasantly admonishes it to pour out old wine for the sake of Corvinus, from whence he takes occasion to commemorate the praises of wine in general.

O CASK! that bears, like me, thy date
 From Manlius his consulate,
 Whether with murmurs, jests, or brawlings fraught,
 Or mad amours, or sleep, the kind relief of thought!
 Whatever be your long intent,
 Choice Massic, worthy to have vent
 On a good day, come forth at the behest
 Of my Corvinus, come with mellowness and zest.
 Not he, tho' forward to imbibe
 The lore of the Socratic tribe,
 Will brutish scorn thee — Cato, as they say,
 Would often warm with wine his virtue and his clay.
 To lend to sluggish minds a lift—
 And brighten harshness is thy gift—
 You take the cares from out a wiseman's breast,
 And make our politicians with their secrets jest.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

The virtue of ancient Cato is mentioned to have often grown warm with neat wine. You give a gentle spur to the disposition that is for the most part harsh: you discover the cares and the secret councils of the wise by the pleasantry of Bac-

24 Q. HORATHI FLACCI CARMINUM. L. 3.

Tu spem reducis mentibus anxiiis,
 Viresque : & addis cornua pauperi,
 Post te neque iratos trementi
 Regum apices, neque militum arma.
 Te Liber, & si læta aderit Venus,
 Segnesque nodum solvere Gratia,
 Vivæque producent lucernæ :
 Dum rediens fugat astra Phoebus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION,

chus : you bring back hope and vigour to anxious minds, and
 add * horns to the poor man, who, after thee, neither dreads
 the

* Give him confidence and an idea of defence—The figure of Bac-
 chus had sometimes horns affixed to
 it.

You doubtful minds by hope ensure,
 The horns exalting of the poor,
 Who, after he has fairly drank thee down,
 Nor heeds the soldiers arms, nor dreads the tyrant's
 frown.

Bacchus and Venus on the spot,
 And graces ever in a knot,
 And living lamps shall eke thee out to-night,
 Till Phœbus drive the stars with his superior light.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the crests of angry kings, nor the weapons of soldiers. Then, Bacchus, and Venus, if she shall be present in her gaiety, and the graces, loth to dissolve the knot, and living lamps, shall continue, till returning Phœbus drive away the stars.

O D E XXII.

IN DIANAM

*Diane, cujus officia celebrat, pinum villæ suæ imminentem
consecrat.*

MONTIUM custos nemorumque virgo,

Quæ laborantes utero puellas

Ter vocata audis, adimisque letho

Diva triformis.

Imminens villæ tua pinus esto,

Quam per exactos ego lætus annos,

Verris obliquum meditantis ictum

Sanguine donem.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O virgin! the guardian of the mountains and groves;
thou goddess, who, under three appearances, being thrice
addressed, hearest the young women in their throes, and de-
liverest them from death; yours be the pine that hangs over
my

O D E XXII.

TO DIANA.

*He consecrates the pine, which hangs over his villa, to
Diana, whose offices he celebrates.*

QUEEN of the mountains far and near,
And of the woodlands wild,
Who, thrice invok'd, art swift to hear,
And save the maids with child;
This pine, that o'er my villa tow'rs,
And from its eminence embow'rs,
I dedicate alone to thee;
Where ev'ry year a pig shall bleed,
Left his obliquity succeed
Against thy fav'rite tree.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

my villa, which I, joyful at the perfecting of the year, will
present with the blood of a boar-pig, just a determining upon
his oblique stroke.

O D E XXIII.

A D P H I D I L E N.

*Dii puris manibus & conscientiâ vitæ bene actæ sunt
colendi.*

CÆLO supinas si tuleris manus
Nascente Lunâ, rustica Phidile :
Si thure placaris & hornâ
Frugè Lares, avidâque porcâ ;
Nec pestilentem sentiet Africum
Fœcunda vitis, nec sterilem seges
Rubiginem, aut dulces alumni
Pomifero grave tempus anno.
Nam quæ nivali pascitur Algidò
Devota, quercus inter & ilices :
Aut crescit Albanis in herbis
Vicitima, pontificum secures
Cervice tinget. Te nihil attinet
Tentare multâ cæde bidentium,
Parvos coronantem marino
Rore deos, fragilique myrto.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

My country girl, Philide, if you lift up your imploring hands to heaven at the increase of the moon, and appease the household gods with frankincense, and fruit of this season, and a greedy pig, the fruitful vine shall neither experience the pestilent south wind, nor the standing corn the barren blight, or your dear nursery the baleful time in the fruit-bearing year.

For

O D E XXIII

TO PHIDILE.

The gods are to be worshipped with clean hands, and conscience of a well-spent life.

IF, heav'n-address'd, your hands and knees
 At each new moon the gods appease,
 And if a pig you slay, my rustic dame,
 And offer your first-fruits with incense in the flame;
 Your fruitful vineyard then shall scorn
 The Afric blast, nor shall your corn
 Be scarce or blighted—nor the fatal stroke,
 Amidst th' autumnal plenty reach your little folk.
 For the vow'd victim, that is fed
 Where Algidum his snowy head
 'Midst holms and oaks uprears, or in the mead
 Of Alba, must beneath the pontiff's hatchet bleed.
 If you the lares crown and clean,
 With myrtle and with froth marine,
 'Tis not requir'd that such as you and I
 Should on our altar cause whole hecatombs to die,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

For the devoted victim, which is fed in the snowy Algidum, amongst the oaks and holm-trees, or grows in the Albanian pastures, shall tinge with the gore of his throat the hatchet of the priests. 'Tis not for your purpose, who are pouring upon the crown of our little gods sea-water, and brittle myrtle,

30 Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMINUM. L. 3.

Immunis aram si tetigit manus,
Non sumptuosa blandior hostia,
Mollibit averfos Penates
Farre pio, & saliente micâ.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

tle, to solicit them with much carnage of sheep. If a guilt-
less hand has touched the altar, a sumptuous victim will not
more

If there a spotless hand you place,
A sumptuous victim, in that case,
Will not with heav'n more sure acceptance make,
Than mix'd with good intent the little salted cake.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

more acceptably soften the averse Penates, than a pious cake,
and crackling salt.

ODE

O D E XXIV.

IN DIVITES AVAROS.

INTACTIS opulentior
 Thesauris Arabum, & divitis Indiæ,
 Cœmentis licet occupes
 Tyrrhenum omne tuis & mare Ponticum :
 Si figit adamantinos
 Summis verticibus dira nececessitas
 Clavos ; non animum metu,
 Non mortis laqueis expedit caput.
 Campestris melius Scythæ,
 (Quorum plaustra vagas rite trahunt domos)
 Vivunt, & rigidi Getæ,
 Immetata quibus jugera liberas
 Fruges & Cererem ferunt :
 Nec cultura placet longior annuâ :
 Defunctumque laboribus
 Æquali recreat sorte vicarius,
 Illic matre carentibus
 Privignis mulier temperat innocens :

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Though, richer than the untouched treasures of the Arabs
 and opulent India, you should seize upon all the Tyrrhenian
 and Apulian main with your buildings ; yet if dire extremity
 fix his adamantine rivets upon the highest heads, you shall not
 disengage your mind from fear, nor your life from the snares
 of death. The Scythians, inhabitants of the plains (whose
 carts, after their manner, draw their vagabonds houses)
 live better, and the rude Getans likewise, whose unsurveyed
 acres bring forth fruit and corn free for all ; nor does a
 culture

O D E XXIV.

UPON THE RICH AND COVETOUS.

THOUGH richer than the hoarded gain
Of Araby and Ind unplunder'd yet,
You of th' Appulian and Tyrrhenian man,
Should with casoons and piers possession get;
If deepest on the highest head
Dire fate his adamantine hooks will drive,
You cannot rid your fearful soul from dread,
Nor from the snares of death escape contrive.
The Scythians have a better lot,
Who dwell in plains, and carry in a cart
From place to place their customary cot,
And those rough Getans, negligent of art,
Whose common acres, unsurvey'd,
Yield corn and fruit, that's bread for all the race;
Nor do they drive the plough, or ply the spade,
Above a year in one continu'd place.
And when their annual toil is o'er,
Another set the vacant lands receive,
Who on the self-same terms with those before,
As they succeed, the prior hands relieve.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

culture exceeding an annual one please them, and a success
for relieves him, who is discharged from his toils by an equal
allotment. There the innocent wife spares her motherless
step-children; nor does the spouse, who brought a large por-
tion,

Nec dotata regit virum

Conjux, nec nitido fidit adultero.

Dos est magna, parentium

Virtus, & metuens alterius viri

Certo fœdere castitas.

Et peccare nefas, aut pretium est mori.

O quisquis volet impias

Cædes, & rabiem tollere civicam :

Si quæret, pater urbium

Subscribi statuis, indomitam audeat

Refrænare licentiam,

Clarus post genitus, quatenus heu nefas !

Virtutem incolumen odimus,

Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.

Quid tristes querimoniæ,

Si non supplicio culpa reciditur ?

Quid leges sine moribus

Vanæ proficiunt ? Si, neque fervidis

Pars inclusa caloribus

Mundi nec Boreæ finitimum latus,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

tion, therefore command her husband, nor place her confidence in a spruce adulterer. Their dowry is the great virtue of their parents, and chastity fearful of another man by a sure bond ; and it is held impious to sin, or the wages is to die. O ! if there be any one inclined to take away our wicked slaughters and civil fury ; if he seek to have written under his statues, " The father of the cities," let him be bold to restrain our untamed licentiousness, famous to those that shall be born hereafter : since, O abominable ! we hate living merit through our envy, but seek after it, removed from

There her step-childrens orphan life
The woman in her innocence will spare ;
Nor does the man obey a portion'd wife,
Nor does she make a well-dress'd rake her care.
Their parents great and virtuous fame,
And, cautious, constant chastity's their dow'r.
Thus runs the law : " Keep clear of sin and shame,
" Or death's the wages from offended pow'r,"
O that some sage would rise to quell
Our impious slaughter, and our civil rage,
Fond as his country's father to excel—
So call'd beneath his bust—let him engage
Our monstrous licence to revise—
Fam'd to the latest times—since we, O shame!
Hate virtue, when she's seen before our eyes,
But envious, when she's gone, her worth proclaim.
For what are all these woful cries,
If sin by punishment is not cut off?—
Laws without morals!—Can mere forms suffice
For any thing but vanity and scoff?
If such presumption still subsists,
That neither torrid zone, nor northern pole,
Nor solid snow, that mountain-high exists,
Can terrify the merchant's fordid soul?

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

from our eyes. Wherefore are our lamentable complaints, if offence is not cut off by chastisement? What can empty laws avail without morals? If neither that part of the world which is included in the torrid heats, nor the quarter that is next to the north, and snows congealed upon the sails, drive off the trader? The expert seaman conquers the dread-

Durataeque solo nives

Mercatorem abigunt ? Horrida callidi
Vincunt æquora navitæ ?

Magnum pauperies opprobrium jubet
Quidvis & facere & pati,
Virtutisque viam deserit arduæ.

Vel nos in Capitolium,

Quo clamor vocat & turba faventium :
Vel nos in mare proximum

Gemmas, & lapides, aurum & inutile,
Summi materiam mali,

Mittamus. Scelerum si bene pœnitet ;
Eradenda Cupidinis

Pravi sunt elementa : & teneræ nimis
Mentes asperioribus

Formandæ studiis. Nescit equo rudis
Hære ingenuus puer,

Venarique timet ; ludere doctior,
Seu Græco jubeas trocho,

Seu malis vetitâ legibus aleâ,
Quum perjura patris fides

Consortem socium fallat & hospitem :

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ful deep. Want, that great disgrace, forces them to act or endure any thing, and deserts the way of arduous virtue. Let us then throw our jewels and precious stones, and gold of no service, the grounds of the highest mischief, either into the Capitol, where the calmour and press of partizans call us, or into the neighbouring sea. If it well repents us of our crimes, the very traces of depraved desire should be
erased

The mariners expertly dare
 The horrid seas ; for in their rough account
 Want is disgrace—they rather do or bear
 All ills, than virtue's arduous way surmount.

Let us our gold and gems refund,
 Source of our woe, into the neighb'ring main,
 Or Capitol, where all our ears are stunn'd
 With party clamours, and the servile train.

If we are penitent in truth,
 The very seeds of vice should be eras'd,
 And the too tender spirits of our youth,
 And nerves with exercise severer brac'd.

Our noble youth have got no feat
 Upon their horse, and fear to urge the chace,
 As far more learned in the idle feat
 Of Grecian tops, or law-forbidden ACE.

Mean time the father's perjur'd heart
 Imposes on his partner and his guest,
 And hastes to try each method, and each mart,
 To make a worthless heir of wealth possess.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

erased, and the too tender minds should be formed by rougher studies. The patrician youth does not understand how to set on horseback, and is afraid to hunt, more skilled to play (should one bid him) with the Grecian top, or dice interdicted by the laws ; while the perjured sire defrauds his partner upon equal terms with him, and his guest, and hastily scrambles up money for a worthless heir. Forsooth ill-gotten riches increase ; yet something is always wanting to circumstances still too scanty.

Indignoque pecuniam

Hæredi properet : scilicet improbæ

Crêscunt divitiæ. Tamen

Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

For why? Ill-gotten goods increase—
 Yet after all their toil and time mispent,
 They have acquir'd by far too much for peace,
 And far too little to insure content.

D + ODE

O D E XXV.

IN BACCHUM.

Bacchi instinctu concitatus nova quedam carmina Lyrica de Augusto est dicturus.

QUO me Bacche rapis tui
 Plenum? Quæ in nemora, aut quos agor in specus
 Velox mente novâ? Quibus
 Antris, egregii Cæsaris audiar
 Æternum meditans decus
 Stellis inferere & consilio Jovis?
 Dicam insigne, recens, adhuc
 Indictum ore alio. Non secus in jugis
 Exsomnia stupet Evias,
 Hebrum prospiciens, & nive candidam
 Thracen, ac pede barbaro
 Lustratam Rhodopen. Ut mihi devio
 Rupes & vacuum nemus
 Mirari libet! O Nejadum potens,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Bacchus! whither are you transporting me, full of thee? Into what groves, or into what dens, am I driven, quickened with a new mind? In what grottoes shall I be heard, devising the eternal honour of Cæsar to introduce him amongst the stars and council of Jupiter? I will speak that which is glorious, modern, hitherto unsaid by another tongue. No otherwise the Bacchanalian priestess, that knows no sleep, is in astonishment, seeing at a distance Hebrus and Thrace, white with snow, and Rhodope travelled over by barbarian feet. How pleasing is it to me, wandering, to admire the rocks, and uninhabited desert! O potentate of the Naiads,

O D E XXV.

T O B A C C H U S.

*Roused by an inward goad from Bacchus, he proposes to
speak certain new Lyrics concerning Augustus.*

BACCHUS, with thy spirit fraught,
Whither, whither am I caught?
To what groves and dens am driv'n,
Quick with thought, all fresh from heav'n?
In what grot shall I be found,
While I endless praise resound,
Cæsar to the milky way,
And Jove's synod to convey?
Great and new, as yet unsung
By another's lyre or tongue,
Will I speak—and so behave,
As thy sleepless dames, that rave
With enthusiastic face,
Seeing Hebrus, seeing Thrace,
And, where feet barbarian go,
Rhodope so white with snow.
How I love to lose my way,
And the vastness to survey
Of the rocks and deserts rude,
With astonishment review'd!
O of nymphs, that haunt the stream,
And thy priestesses supreme!

Baccharumque, valentium

Proceras manibus vertere fraxinos :

Nil parvum aut humili modo,

Nil mortale loquar. Dulce periculum est,

O Lenæe, sequi Deum

Cingentem viridi tempora pampino.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ads, and Bacchanalian priestesses ! strong enough to overset tall ash-trees with their hands, nothing little, nothing in an humble style, nothing mortal will I utter. 'Tis a sweet experiment,

Who, when strengthen'd at thy call,
Can up-tear the ash-trees tall,
Nothing little, nothing low,
Nothing mortal will I show.
'Tis adventure—but 'tis sweet
Still to follow at thy feet,
Wherefoe'er you fix your shrine,
Crown'd with foliage of the vine.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

periment, O * Lenæus! to follow the god, who binds his
temples with the green vine-leaf.

* *Bacchus so called from ληνος, which is Greek for the wine-press.*

O D E XXVI.

AD VENEREM.

Senectute jam confectus, lyræ & rebus amatoriis valedicit.

VIXI puellis nuper idoneus,
 Et militavi non sine gloriâ :
 Nunc arma defunctumque bello
 Barbiton hic paries habebit,
 Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latus
 Custodit. Hic, hic ponite lucida
 Funalia, & vectes, & arcus
 Oppositis foribus minaces.
 O, quæ beatam diva tenes Cyprum, &
 Memphim carentem Sythoniâ nive,
 Regina, sublimi flagello
 Tange Chloen semel arrogantem.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

I lately lived a sufficient man for the girls, and fought in the service not without glory ; but now this wall, which defends the left side of the sea-born Venus, shall receive my arms and harp dismissed from warfare. Here, here lay down the blazing torches, and the levers, and the bows, that menaced the
 opposing

O D E XXVI.

TO VENUS.

*Worn out at length with old age, he takes leave of the
lyre and his love affairs.*

OF late an able am'rous swain,
I made full many a great campaign ;
But now my harp and arms, of edge bereft,
Shall hang upon this wall, which rising on the left
In sea-born Venus' temple stands—
Here bring the torches and the brands ;
Here bring the wrenching-irons and the bows
Against obstructing doors, so big with threats and blows.
Yet, goddess, of rich Cyprus queen,
And Memphis, where no snow is seen,
Once gently, with thy long-extended whip,
Touch my coquettish Chloe, till you make her skip.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

opposing doors. Yet, O goddess ! that holdest the happy
Cyprus, and Memphis, void of Scythonian snow, my queen,
for once touch the imperious Chloe with your whip from on
high.

O D E XXVII.

AD GALATEM NAVIGATURAM.

*Debortatur eam præcipue ab exemplo Europæ.***I**MPIOS parvæ recinentis omen

Ducat, & prægnans canis, aut ab agro

Rava decurrens lupa Lanuvino,

Fœtaque vulpes.

Rumpat & serpens iter institutum,

Si per obliquum similis sagittæ

Terruit mannos: ego cui timebo

Providus auspex?

Antequam stantes repetat paludes

Imbrium divina avis imminutum;

Oscinem corvum prece fuscitabo

Solis ab ortu.

Sis licet fœlix ubicunque mavis,

Et memor nostri Galatea vivas;

Teque nec lævus vetet ire picus,

Nec vaga cornix:

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

May the omen of the screaming jay, and a bitch with pup, or a tauny wolf descending from the Lanuvian field, or a pregnant fox, precede the wicked; and may a serpent break off their intended journey, if, like a dart across the road, he has made their horses startle. I, a careful augur to her, for whose safety I am under such apprehensions, ere yet the bird that is ominous of impending showers returns to the stagnant pools, will rouse, by my prayer, from the east the crow, prophetic of good. May you be prosperous, O Galatea! wherever you choose

O D E XXVII.

TO GALATEA, ON POINT TO GO ABROAD.

He dissuades her especially from the example of Europa.

THE screamings of th' ill-omen'd jay,
 Or pregnant bitch, or fox attend,
 Or tauny wolf in quest of prey,
 All wicked wretches on their way,
 And to their journey's end :
 Or let a serpent drive them back,
 The road swift crossing like a dart,
 And terrify the stumbling hack—
 For thee I dread no such attack ;
 But with an augur's art,
 In early pray'r I will apply,
 That some good-natur'd crow may speed,
 And leave the east before the cry
 Of birds that bode a stormy sky,
 And to their lakes proceed.
 O Galatea ! be thou blest,
 Where'er you choose to take your rout,
 And keep my mem'ry in your breast ;
 Nor raven nor the pye molest
 Your course, as you set out.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

choose, and may you live cherishing me in your memory ;
 and let neither the pye flying on the left, nor the vagrant raven
 hinder you to proceed. But do you see with what a tumult

Sed vides quanto trepidet tumultu
 Pronus Orion. Ego quid sit ater
 Adriæ, novi, sinus: & quid albus
 Peccet Japyx.

Hostium uxores puerique cæcos
 Sentiant motus orientis Hædi, &
 Æquoris nigri fremitum: & trementes
 Verbere ripas.

Sic & Europe niveum doloſo
 Credidit tauro latus, & ſcatentem
 Belluis pontum, mediasque fraudes
 Palluit audax.

Nuper in pratis ſtudioſa ſlorum, &
 Debitæ Nymphis opifex coronæ,
 Nocte ſubluftri, nihil aſtra præter
 Vidit & undas.

Quæ ſimul centum tetigit potentem
 Oppidis Creten, Pater ô relictum
 Filia nomen, pietasque, dixit
 Viſta furore,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the ſetting Orion is haſtening? I have experienced what the black bay of Adria is, and in what manner Japyx, fair at firſt, is offensive. Let the wives and children of our foes perceive the gloomy commotions of the riſing ſouth, and the noiſe of the dark ſurge, and the coaſt trembling with its laſh! In ſuch a manner Europa alſo truſted her fair ſide to the treacherous bull, and, though courageous before, grew pale, at the deep teeming with monſters, and the trick diſcovered in the miſt of the way. Lateſt in the meadows, eager after flowers, and the artiſt of the chaplet due to the nymphs, now in the glimmering

But look, as he's in haste to set,
 How prone Orion moves the seas,
 I well know Adrian's gloomy threat,
 And how much mischief's to be met
 From yonder whist'ning breeze.
 May wives and children of our foes
 The rising goat's alarm partake ;
 To the black surge themselves expose,
 Which, roaring to the blast that blows,
 Makes all the land to quake.
 Thus did Europa trust, of yore,
 To that false bull her snowy limbs,
 And, trembling at her boldness, bore
 Her midmost course, where, far from shore,
 Full many a monster swims.
 She, who of late the meadows knew,
 Fair student of the flow'ry bloom,
 Wove chaplets to the wood-nymphs due—
 Nought now but stars and waves could view,
 All in the glimm'ring gloom.
 And when she was arriv'd at Crete,
 So famous for its hundred towns,
 O father ! lost and indiscrete,
 The daughter's duty to defeat,
 She cry'd, in wrath, and frowns.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

mering night saw nothing but the stars and the waves ; who,
 as soon as she touched upon Crete, mighty with its hundred
 towns, spake thus, overpowered with rage : " Father ! O

Unde? Quo veni? levis una mors est
 Virginum culpæ. Vigilansne ploro
 Turpe commissum? An vitiis carentem

Ludit imago

Vana, quæ porta fugiens eburnâ
 Somnium ducit? Meliusne fluctus
 Ire per longos fuit, an recentes

Carpere flores?

Si quis infamem mihi nunc juvenum
 Dedat iratæ, lacerare ferro, &
 Frangere enitar modo multum amari

Cornua tauri.

Impudens liqui patrios penates,
 Impudens Orcum moror. O deorum
 Si quis hæc audis, utinam inter errem

Nuda leones,

Antequam turpis macies decentes
 Occupet malas, teneræque succus
 Defluat prædæ, speciosa quæro

Pascere tigres.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

“ the abandoned name of daughter and piety! from whence!
 “ whither am I come? One death is too light for a virgin’s
 “ fault! Waking do I bewail my foul offence, or does some
 “ empty vision, which speeding from the ivory gate brings
 “ on a dream, deceive me, clear of vice? Was it preferable
 “ to go over the tedious floods, or to pluck new-blown
 “ flowers? If any one now would surrender to me in my
 “ passion this dishonourable steer, I would endeavour to tear
 “ him with a weapon, and break the horns of the bull,
 “ not long since exceedingly beloved. Shameless I have
 “ left my father’s household gods! Shameless I put off the
 “ doom

Whence? Whither am I come?—Too light

A punishment one death would be—

Am I awake, and wail of right?

Or is't a vision of the night,

And I from baseness free?

A vision from the iv'ry gate,

Which brings false fancies to the head—

Say, was it then a better fate

Through the long seas to sail—or wait

Where new-blown flow'rs are spread?

O if I had th' audacious steer

My indignation hates and scorns,

I'd kill him with a falchion here,

And, though he was of late so dear,

Would strive to break his horns.

Shameless I left my father's place,

Shameless I wait the doom of hell—

Ye gods! if any hear my case—

O that I naked, in disgrace,

Might roam 'mongst lions fell!

Before a virulent decay

Shall feed upon my blooming cheek,

While yet there's moisture in my clay,

To be the tyger's tender prey,

With all my charms, I seek.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

“ doom of hell! O if any of the gods attend to these things,

“ I wish I may roam naked amongst lions. I desire, hand-

“ some as I am, to be the food of tygers, before a filthy

“ leanness take hold of my seemly cheeks, and the moisture

Vilis Europæ pater urget absens :

Quid mori cessas? Potes hâc ab orno

Pendulum zonâ bene te sequutâ

Lædere collum.

Sive te rupes & acuta letho

Saxa delectant : age, te præcellæ

Crede veloci : nisi herile mavis

Carpere pensum

Regius sanguis, dominæque tradi

Barbaræ pellex. Aderat querenti

Perfidum ridens Venus, & remisso

Filius arcu.

Mox ubi ludit satis, Abstineto

(Dixit) irarum calidæque rixæ,

Quum tibi invisus laceranda reddet

Cornua taurus.

Uxor invicti Jovis esse nescis?

Mitte singultus : bene ferre magnam

Disce fortunam : tua sectus orbis

Nomina ducet.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

"flow out from the tender prey. Abandon'd Europa! thy
 "absent father urges thee, why do I delay to die? You
 "may dispatch your neck hanging from this ash with your
 "girdle attending you to a good purpose; or, if a rocky
 "height, and stones sharp with death, delight you; go to,
 "trust yourself to the fleet whirlwind; unless, though of
 "royal blood, you had rather card a mistress's wool, and
 "be delivered up to some barbarian tyranness, as the con-
 "cubine of her lord."—Venus, with her deceitful smiles,
 "and her son, with bow relaxed, were present to her com-
 "plaining; and, presently after she had played upon her enough,
 "Abstain (she cried) from your wrath and hot scolding, since
 "this

Ah base ! thy father to offend,

Whose passion urges thee to die ;

Well did thy girdle thee attend—

Thyself upon this ash suspend,

And with his will comply.

Or if, upon the rocks to flie,

Acute with death, you are inclin'd ;

To the fierce storm yourself submit—

Unless, perhaps, you should think fit

To ply a task injoin'd,

And live a tyrant's harlot vile,

And bear his queen's imperious tongue—

Thus, as she urg'd her plaintive stile,

Came Venus with perfidious smile,

And boy with bow unstrung—

Anon, when she had jeer'd enough,

She said, forbear your wrath and heat,

Since with his horns, though ne'er so tough,

This bull shall meet a full rebuff,

When you with him shall treat.

Do you not know your fame and fort,

As matchless Jove's distinguish'd dam—

Learn your high dignity at court—

And let the quarter'd world support

Your story and your name,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

"this hated bull shall give up his horns to be worried by
"you. Know you not that you are the consort of insuper-
"able Jove? Learn well to bear your great fortune. A
"quarter of the world shall derive its name from you."

O D E XXVIII.

A D LYDEN.

*Hortatur Lyden diem Neptuno sacrum in potu & cantu
bilariter transigere.*

FESTO quid potius die
Neptuni faciam? Prome reconditum
Lyde strenua Cæcubum:
Munitæque adhibe vim sapientiz
Inclinare meridiem
Sentis: ac, veluti stet volueris dies,
Parcis deripere horreo
Cessantem Bibuli Consulis amphoram.
Nos cantabimus invicem
Neptunum, & virides Nereidum comas:
Tu curvâ recines lyrâ
Latonam, & celeris spicula Cynthiæ:

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

What can I do more to the purpose on Neptune's holiday?
Bustling Lyde, draw out the hoarded cæcuban, and * add
force to wisdom, however strong. You perceive the mid-
day is declining, and yet, as though the winged time stood
still, you spare to pull down from the store-house that loiter-
ing cask of the consul Bibulus. We will sing alternately
Neptune,

* Interpreters in general render *is ever upon its guard*.—I reject
this passage in this manner, viz. *this sense, as the Latin will more
offer violence to wisdom, which naturally bear a better.*

O D E XXVIII.

T O L Y D E.

*He exhorts Lyde to pass the day sacred to Neptune merrily,
in drinking and singing.*

NEPTUNE, on his festal day,

How can we so well exalt ?

Lyde, bring without delay

Wine from out our inmost vault ;

Thus you, with a fresh resource,

Wisdom's fort shall reinforce.

Don't you see the day decline ?

Yet, as if the sun would wait,

You neglect to bring the wine,

Which is of most pleasant date ;

For when * Bibulus was chose,

It was laid to his repose.

We will sing alternate lays—

Neptune and the Nereids green,

I with lively verse will praise—

You, Latona, pow'ful queen,

And swift-darting Dian's laud,

With your twisted lyre applaud.

* *Bibulus signifies a toper.*

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Neptune, and the green hair of the Nereids ; you shall resound on your twisted lyre, Latona, and the darts of active

Summo carmine, quæ Cnidon
Fulgentesque tenet Cycladas, & Paphon
Junctus visit oloribus:
Dicetur meritâ Nox quoque nœniâ.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Cynthia; at the close of the song, her that possesses Cnidus
and the gay-looking Cyclades, and visits Paphos with her
harnessed

And the end of all to crown,
 We will chant the queen of smiles,
 Who with harness'd swans comes down
 Unto all her fay'rite isles;
 And as goddesses of delight,
 We will deify the night.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

harness'd swans, shall be mentioned, and the night itself
 with a ditty agreeable to the subject.

ODE

O D E XXIX.

A D MÆCENATEM.

*Invitat eum ad cenam bilarem, publicis curis omissa.***T**YRRHENA regum progenies, tibi

Non ante verso lene merum cado

Cum flore, Mæcenas, rosarum, &

Pressa tuis balanus capillis

Jamdudum apud me est. Eripe te moræ;

Ne semper udum Tibur & Æsulæ

Declive contempleris arvum, &

Telegoni juga parricidæ.

Fastidiosam desere copiam &

Molem propinquam nubibus arduis:

Omitte mirari beatæ

Fumum & opes strepitumque Romæ.

Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices,

Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum

Cenæ, sine aulæis & ostro,

Sollicitam explicuere frontem.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Mæcenas! the offspring of Tuscan monarchs, long ago has there been, for you, at my house, some soft wine, in a hog'shead never yet tapt, with the flowers of roses, and sweet oil pressed out for your hair. Expedite yourself from delay, nor always be meditating upon the moist Tibur, and the sloping land of Esula, and the hills of Telegonus, who killed his father. Quit squeamish abundance, and the huge building

O D E XXIX.

T O M Æ C E N A S.

He invites him to a cheerful supper, omitting public concerns.

OFROM Tyrrhenian monarchs sprung!

This many a season I forbear

A cask of mellow wine, untouch'd by tongue,
With roses for thy breast, and essence for thy hair.

Dispatch—nor Tibur's marshy meads,

Nor always Esula admire,

Whose sloping soil the eye with verdure feeds,
Nor buildings rais'd aloft by * him who slew his fire.

Leave squeamish plenty, and the pile,

Whose structures to the skies presume,

And cease to praise in such a pompous style
The smoke, and wealth, and clamour of your prosperous
Rome.

'Tis joy, at times, to shift the scene,

As men of wealth and pow'r allow,

And without purple carpets neat and clean,

The poor man's cottage-treat has smooth'd an anxious
brow.

* *Telegonus.*

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ing nigh unto the clouds, and leave off admiring the smoke, and wealth, and noise of happy Rome. Changing the scene is usually acceptable to the wealthy; and neat suppers, under the little roof of the poor, have smoothened the careful brow without carpet

Jam clarus occultum Andromedes pater
 Ostendit ignem. Jam Procyon fuit,
 Et stella vesani leonis,
 Sole dies referente siccos.

Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido
 Rivumque fessus quærit, & horridi

Dumeta Sylvani : caretque

Ripa vagis taciturna ventis,
 Tu civitatem quis deceat status,

Curas, & urbi sollicitus, times

Quid Seres & regnata Cyro

Bactra parent, Tanaisque discors.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum

Caliginosa nocte premit Deus :

Ridetque si mortalis ultra

Fas trepidat quod adest, memento

Componere æquus : cætera fluminis

Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo

Cum pace delabantis Etruscum

In mare, nunc lapides adesos,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

carpet or purple. Now the brilliant father of Andromeda (Cepheus) shews his rage for some time hid ; now Procyon is furious, and the constellation of the maddling lion, the sun bringing back again the season of drought. Now the fatigued shepherd, with his languid flock, seeks the shade, and the stream, and the underwoods of rough Sylvanus ; and the still bank is without the shifting winds, You study what plan of affairs may best become the republic, and are solicitous even to fear for the city of Rome, what the Seres, and Bactrians, governed by Cyrus, and rebellious Tanais project,

Now Cepheus drives his flaming car,
 Now Procyon's wrath begins to burn;
 Now the mad lion shews his rampant star,
 As fiery Phœbus makes the drinking-days return.
 Now weary to the stream and shade
 Go shepherds with their languid sheep,
 Or where Sylvanus spreads his thickest glade,
 And on the silent bank, vague winds are lull'd asleep.
 What regulations best may suit
 The state, and for the world you care,
 What points the Seres, Bactrians would dispute,
 And what discordant Tanais rises to prepare.
 Wisely do heav'nly pow'rs th' event
 Of future times in night suppress,
 And smile when mortal men are too intent
 Beyond their reach—Take thought, that moment you
 possess
 To husband—As for other cares,
 As with the streaming river's course
 Now gliding to the Tuscan sea it fares,
 Now wave-worn rocks, and trunks up-torn with rapid
 force,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

project. God has providentially suppressed the issues of futu-
 rity in gloomy night, and smiles if a mortal frets and
 hurries himself beyond what is fitting. What is at hand re-
 member to conduct justly: the rest is carried on in the fashion
 of a river now sliding down with peace through the midmost
 channel into the Tuscan sea, now involving worn stones, and
 trunks of trees broke off, and rocks and mansions together,

not

Stirpesque raptas, & pecus & domos
 Volventis una, non sine montium
 Clamore, vicinæque sylvæ;
 Quum fera deluvies quietos
 Irritat amnes, ille potens sui
 Lætusque deget, cui licet, in diem,
 Dixisse, vixi : cras vel atrâ
 Nube polum pater occupato,
 Vel sole puro : non tamen irritum
 Quodcunque retro est, efficiet : neque
 Diffinger, infectumque reddet,
 Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.
 Fortuna sævo læta negotio, &
 Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
 Transmutat incertos honores,
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
 Laudo manentem : si celeres quatit
 Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, & meâ
 Virtute me involvo, probamque
 Pauperiem sine dote quæro.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

not without the clamour of mountains, and the joining
 grove, when the fierce deluge irritates the quiet streams.
 He shall live the potentate of himself, and in a state of cheer-
 fulness, for whom it is lawful to have said daily, "I have
 "lived." To-morrow let the Almighty Father possess the
 pole with a gloomy cloud, or a spotless sun; he shall not how-
 ever disannul whatever is behind, nor demolish and undo that
 which the winged hour has once borne off. Fortune, joyful
 in her barbarous business, and persevering to play off her
 insolent sport, transfers precarious honours, now favourable

And flocks and houses in its flood
 Involving, not without the roar
 Of Echo—mountains and th' adjoining wood,
 When deluge boils the streams above the peaceful
 shore.

He, master of himself, shall dwell,
 And in a state of joy subsist,
 Who every day his heart can fairly tell—
 “Why this is life.”—To-morrow with a gloomy mist,
 Or brightness Jove may deck the pole,
 Yet shall he never take away
 The past, or with his utmost pow'r controul
 That bliss, the fleeting hours have ravish'd as their
 prey.

Delighted with her cruel pow'r,
 Still trifling insolently blind,
 Fortune shifts short-liv'd honours ev'ry hour,
 Now good, perhaps, to me, now to another kind.
 I praise her while I call her mine;
 But if she spread her wings for flight,
 Wrapt in my virtue, I her gifts resign,
 And court ingenuous want, whose portion is her mite.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

to me, now to another. I praise her while tarrying; if she
 shake her quick wings, I resign what she gave, and wrap
 myself in my honesty, and make my suit to righteous poverty
 without a dowry. It is not mine, should the mast groan
 with south-westerly storms, to descend to wretched prayers,
 and to enter into engagements by vows that my Cyprian and
 Tyrian

64 Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMINUM. L. 3.

Non est meum, si mugiat Africa
Malus procellis, ad miseræ preces
Decurrere : & votis pacisci,

Ne Cypriæ Tyriæque merces
Addant avaro divitias mari.

Tunc me biremis præsidio scaphæ,
Tutum per Ægeos tumultus.

Aura ferex, geminusque Pollux.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Tyrian goods add not riches to the covetous sea. At such a
time, under the safe-guard of a two-oar'd boat, the gentle
gale

'Tis not my business, though the mast
Should with the southern whirlwinds groan,
With wretched pray'rs to deprecate the blast,
Left in the greedy main my bales be overthrown.
In such a case, my little boat,
For which two oars alone are made,
Should bear me through th'Egean dread afloat,
Fann'd by the gentle breeze, and safe in Castor's aid.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

gale and twine Pollux should bear me safe through the tumults
of the Ægean main.

O D E XXX.

AD MELPOMENEN MUSAM.

*Horatius Lyricos versus scribenda æternam gloriam est
consecutus.*

EXEGI monumentum ære perennius.
Regalique situ pyramidum altius :
Quod nec imber edax, aut Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, & fuga temporum,
Non omnis moriar : multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam : usque ego posterâ
Crescam laude recens, dum Capitolium
Scandet cum tacitâ virgine pontifex.
Dicar, qua violens obstrepit Aufidus,
Et, qua pauper aquæ Daunus, agrestium
Regnavit populorum, ex humili potens
Princeps Æolium cæmen ad Italos
Deduxisse modos. Sume superbiam

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

I have finished a memorial more durable than brass, and higher than the royal elevation of pyramids, which not the impairing rain, nor the ungovernable north, or an innumerable series of years, or the fleeting seasons, can possibly destroy. I shall not die all of me, and the major part shall escape the goddess of death. I shall perpetually increase in the laud of posterity, as long as the pontiff shall climb up to the Capitol with the mute virgin. I shall be mentioned where the violent Aufidus murmurs, and where Daunus scanty

O D E XXX.

TO THE MUSE MELPOMENE.

Horace has gained eternal glory by his lyric compositions.

I'VE made a monument to pass
 The permanence of solid brass,
 And rais'd to a sublimer height
 Than pyramids of royal state,
 Which washing rains, or winds that blow
 With vehemence, cannot o'erthrow:
 Nor will th' innumerable tale
 Of years, or flight of time avail.
 For death shall never have the whole
 Of Horace, whose immortal soul
 Shall 'scape the pow'rs of human bane,
 And for new praise his works remain,
 As long as priest and silent maid
 Shall to the Capitol parade,
 Where Ausidus in rapture goes,
 And where poor Daunus scarcely flows,
 Once rural king—I shall be thought
 The prince of Roman bards, that brought
 To Italy th' Æolian airs,
 Advanc'd from want to great affairs.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

scanty of water, though of yore the prince of rural swains,
 as powerful from a small beginning to have first brought the
 Æolian verse to accord with Italian measures. O Melpomene!

68 Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMINUM. L. 3.

Quæsitam meritis, & mihi Delphicâ
Lauro cinge volens Melpomene comam.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

take upon you the pride acquired by desert, and with the
Delphic laurel gladly crown my hair.

QUINTI

**Affume, Melpomene, that pride,
Which is to real worth ally'd ;
And in good-will descending down,
With Delphic bays my temples crown.**

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI
C A R M I N U M.
LIBER QUARTUS.

O D E I.

A D V E N E R E M.

Horatius jam eā est ætate, ut à rebus amatoriis & carminibus ludicris alieno esse animo debeat.

INTERMISSA Venus diu,
Rursus bella moves. Parce, precor, precor.
Non sum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ. Desine dulcium
Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperiis. Abi
Quo blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.

PPOSE INTERPRETATION.

O Venus! left off for so long a time, again do you wage war? Prithee, prithee spare me. I am not such as I was under the reign of good Cynara. Cease, thou barbarous mother

THE
FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ODES OF HORACE.

O D E I.

TO VENUS.

Horace is now arrived to that time of day, when he ought to alienate himself from love affairs, and ludicrous verses.

LEFT alone so long a season,
What! again new warfare rage?
Spare me, Venus, treason! treason!
This is not a lover's age.
Now no more my youthful vigour
Good queen Cynara inspires—
Cease to use thy gentle rigour,
Parent fierce of sweet desires.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

mother of the sweet desires, to subdue to your soft commands
one about fifty, now hardened against them. Depart where

Tempestivus in domo

Pauli, purpureis ales oloribus,

Commisfabere Maximi,

Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum;

Namque & nobilis & decens,

Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,

Et centum puer artium,

Late signa feret militiae tuæ.

Et quandoque potentior

Largis muneribus riserit æmuli,

Albanos prope, te, lacus

Ponet marmoream sub trabe Cypriæ.

Illic plurima naribus

Duces thura, lyræque & Berecynthiæ

Delectabere tibiæ

Mistis carminibus, non sine fistulâ.

Illic bis pueri die

Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum

Laudantes, pede candido

In morem Salium ter quatient humum.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the fawning prayers of the youths call you back again. You shall junket at a better time of day in the house of Paulus Maximus, taking your flight thither with your purple swans, if you seek to kindle a flame in a proper breast; for he, both noble and elegant, and by no means disposed to hold his peace in behalf of the anxious culprits, and a young man of an hundred arts, shall bear the colours of your service far and wide; and whensoever more powerful than the profuse bribes of a rival, he shall laugh him to scorn, he shall put up thy statue in marble near the Alban lake, under a citron beam. There you shall snuff with your nostrils much frankincense, and shall be delighted with mixed melody of the lyre, and Berecynthian flute, not without the pipe. There the

Staid, and void of inclination—

Almost fifty—hence depart
To the softer invocation

Of full many a youthful heart.
On more equable condition

Drive your purple swans away,
And put Paulus in commission

At a better time of day.
For he's nobly born, and decent,

Would you fire a worthy breast?
And great instances are recent,

How he pleads for the distressed.
Youth of most accomplish'd merit,

Of an hundred arts and charms—
He shall bear with strength and spirit

Far and wide thy conqu'ring arms.
If he smile at times prevailing

O'er a bribing dupe's disgrace,
With sweet wood thy bust empaling,

He near Alba's lake shall place.
Thine indulgent presence thither

Shall much frankincense invite,
Lyre, and flute, and pipe together

Shall thy ravish'd ears delight.
Twice a day the lads and lasses

There thy praises shall resound,
And with foot that snow surpasses,

Salian-like, shall shake the ground.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the lads with the tender virgins, praising your deity twice a day, shall, in the manner of the Salians, shake the ground with their white feet.

O D E II.

AD ANTONIUM JULUM, M. ANTONII
TRIUMVIRI FILIUM.*Antiquos Poetas imitari periculosum est.***P**INDARUM quis studet æmulari,

Jule, ceratis ope Dædaleæ

Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus

Nomina ponto.

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres

Quem super notas aluere ripas,

Fervet immensusque ruit profundo

Pindarus ore,

Laureâ donandus Apellinari :

Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos

Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur

Lege solutis :

Seu deos regesque canit, deorum

Sanguinem, per quos cecidere iustâ

Morte Centauri, cecidit tremendæ

Flamma Chimære :

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Julius! whoever studies to imitate Pindar, depends upon wings made of wax by the art of Dædalus, about to give his name to the glassy sea. As a river rushing down a mountain, which rains have fed beyond its usual shores, Pindar is fervant, and hurries on out of measure with his deep voice, worthy to be presented with the bays of Apollo, whether

O D E II.

TO ANTONIUS JULUS, THE SON OF MARK
ANTONY, OF THE TRIUMVIRATE.

It is hazardous to imitate the ancient poets.

WHOEVER vies with Pindar's strain,
With waxen wings, my friend, would fly,
Like him who nam'd the glassy main,
But could not reach the sky.
Cascading from the mountain's height,
As falls the river swoln with show'rs,
Deep, fierce, and out of measure great
His verses Pindar pours.
Worthy to claim Apollo's bays,
Whether his dithyrambics roll,
Daring their new-invented phrase
And words, that scorn controul.
Or gods he chants, or kings, the seed
Of gods, who rose to virtuous fame,
And justly Centaurs doom'd to bleed,
Or quench'd Chimera's flame.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

whether he pours down new words through his bold dithyrambics, and is carried away by numbers, where rules are dispensed with; or he chants the gods, and kings, the blood of gods, by whom the Centaurs fell by a merited perdition, and the flames of tremendous Chimeras failed; or he recites those whom

Sive quos Elea domum reducit
 Palma cœlestes: pugilemque equumve
 Dicit, & centum potiore signis

Munere donat:
 Flebili sponsæ juvenemve raptum
 Plorat: & vires animumque moresque
 Aureos deducit in astra, nigroque

Invidet Orco.

Multa Diſceum levat auri cygnum:
 Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
 Nubium tractus: ego, apud Matinæ

More modoque,
 Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
 Plurimum, circa nemus, avidique

Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
 Carmina fingo.

Concines majore Poeta plectro,
 Cæsarem, quandoque trahet feroces
 Per sacrum clivum, meritâ decorus

Fronde Sicambros:
 Quo nihili majus meliusve terris
 Fata donavere, bonique divi,

Nec dabunt: quamvis redeant in aurum
 Tempora priscum.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

whom the Elean palm returns back of rank celestial, or wrestler or ficed, and endows them with a present more eligible than an hundred statues; or he bewails some youth snatched away from his piteable spouse, and draws forth to the stars his strength and spirit and golden morals, and grudges his memory the fate of gloomy death. A powerful air lifts up the Theban swan, O Antonius! as often as he advances to the superior regions of the clouds: I, after the fashion and

Or champions of th' Elean juffs,
The wrestler, charioteer records,
And, better than a hundred bufts,
He gives divine rewards.
Snatch'd from his weeping bride, the youth
His verſe deplores, and will diſplay
Strength, courage, and his golden truth,
And grudges death his prey.
The Theban ſwan aſcends with haſte,
Of heav'n's ſuperior regions free;
But I, exactly in the taſte
Of ſome Matinian bee,
That hardly gets the thymy ſpoil
About moiſt Tibur's flow'ry ways,
Of ſmall account, with tedious toil,
Compoſe my labour'd lays.
You, bard indeed! with more applauſe
Shall Cæſar ſing, ſo juſtly crown'd,
As up the ſacred hill he draws
The fierce Sicambrians bound.
A greater and a better gift
Than him, from heav'n we do not hold,
Nor ſhall—although the times ſhould ſhift
Into their priſtine gold.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

and manner of a Matinian bee, gathering the acceptable thyme, through exceſſive toil, about the wood and ſhores of the moiſt Tibur, of ſmall account as I am, make elaborate verſes. You, poet indeed, ſhall chant Cæſar in a greater ſtyle, when ever adorned with the laurel he deſerves, he ſhall drag the ſavage Sicambrians up the ſacred hill; than whom the fates and propitious gods have given to the earth nothing greater or better; nor ſhall give, although the times ſhould
revert

78 Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMINUM. L. 4.

Concines lætosque dies, & urbis
Publicum ludum, super impetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu, forumque

Litibus orbum.

Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum)

Vocis accedet bona pars : & ô fol

Pulcher, ô laudande, canam, recepto

Cæsare felix.

Tuque dum procēdis, Io triumphē,

Nou semel dicemus Io triumphē

Civitas omnis : dabimusque divīs

Thura benignis.

Te decem tauri, totidemque vaccæ,

Me tener solvet vitulus relictâ

Matre, qui largis juvenescit herbis

In mea vota.

Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes

Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,

Qua notam duxit, niveus videri,

Cætera fulvus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

revert to their original gold. You shall chant both the rejoicing-days and the public sport of the city, occasioned by obtaining the return of brave Augustus, and the bar void of litigations. Then a good portion of my voice (if I can utter any thing worthy of attention) shall accompany you, and I will sing, "O charming day! O worthy to be extoll'd!" happy at the reception of Cæsar. And as you march in procession,

The festal days and public sports
 For our brave chief's returning here,
 You shall recite, and all the courts
 Of law contentions clear,
 Then would I speak to ears like thine,
 With no small portion of my voice,
 O glorious day! O most divine!
 Which Cæsar bids rejoice.
 And while you in procession hie,
 Hail triumph! triumph! will we shout
 All Rome—and our good gods supply
 With frankincense devout!
 Thee bulls and heifers ten suffice—
 Me a calf weaned from the cow,
 At large who many a gambol tries,
 Though doom'd to pay my vow.
 Like the new moon, upon his crest
 He wears a semicircle bright,
 His body yellow all the rest,
 Except this spot of white.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

cession, hail to the triumph. Not only once will we cry
 hail, hail to the triumph! The whole city of Rome toge-
 ther, and we, will give frankincense to the benign gods.
 Thee ten bulls, and as many heifers, shall excuse; me a
 tender calf, that, having quitted its mother, plays its pranks
 in the spacious meads, though destined to discharge my vows,
 imitating in his forehead the semicircular blaze of the moon
 renewing her third rise, where he has a spot white to the
 view, yellow all the rest of him.

O D E III.

AD MELPOMENEN.

*Natus est Horatius ad artem Poeticam, ejus beneficio
immortalem gloriam est consecutus.*

QUEM tu Melpomene semel
Nascentem placido lumine videris,
Illum non labor Isthmius
Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
Curru ducet Achaico
Victorem: neque res bellica Deliis
Ornatum foliis ducem,
Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
Ostendet Capitolio:
Sed, quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluur,
Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
Fingent Æolio carmine nobilem.
Romæ principis urbium
Dignatur soboles inter amabiles:
Vatum ponere me choros:

Et jam dente minus mordeor invido,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Melpomene! him whom, issuing into life, you have once viewed with a pleasing eye, the Isthmian toil shall not make illustrious as a wrestler; the mettlesome steed shall not draw him victorious in a Grecian chariot; nor shall any military exploit shew him to the Capitol a leader, decorated with

O D E III.

TO MELPOMENE.

Horace was born for poetry, to which his immortality is intirely owing.

HE, on whose natal hour you glance

A single smile with partial eyes,

Melpomene, shall not advance

A champion for th' Olympic prize,

Not drawn by steeds of manag'd pride,

In Grecian car victorious ride.

Nor honour'd with the Delphic leaf,

A wreath for high atchievements wove,

Shall lie be shewn triumphant chief,

Where stands the Capitol of Jove,

As justly rais'd to such renown

For bringing boastful tyrants down.

But pleasing streams, that flow before

Fair Tibur's flow'ry-fertile land,

And bow'ring trees upon the shore,

Which in such seemly order stand,

Shall form on that Eolic plan

The bard, and magnify the man.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

with the Delian foliage, because he has quashed the swelling menaces of kings: but the streams that flow before the fruitful Tibur, and the thick leaves of the groves, shall render him noble for the Eolian verse. The offspring of Rome, the

O, testudinis aureæ

Dulcem quæ strepitum Pieri temperas!

O, mutis quoque piscibus

Donatura cygni, si libeat, sonum!

Totum muneris hoc tui est,

Quod monstror digito prætereuntium.

Romanæ fidicen lyre:

Quod spiro, & placeo (si placeo) tuum est.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

princes of cities. condescend to place amongst the delightful band of poets, and now I am less bitten by invidious teeth. O Muse! that modulatest the sweet tone of the golden shell! O about to give the voice of the swan to the dumb fishes, if you think proper! This is altogether of your gift that I am pointed out by the finger of the passengers as the harper of the Roman lyre: that I breathe and please, if I do please, is thine.

The world's metropolis has deign'd
To place me with her darling care,
Rome has my dignity maintain'd
Amongst her bards my bays to wear ;
And hence it is against my verse
The tooth of envy's not so fierce.

O mistress of the golden shell !
Whose silence you command, or break ;
Thou that canst make the mute excel,
And ev'n the sea-born reptiles speak ;
And, like the swan, if you apply
Your touch, in charming accents die.

This is thy gift, and only thine,
That, as I pass along, I hear—
“ There goes the bard, whose sweet design
“ Made lyrics for the Roman ear.”
If life or joy I hold or give,
By thee I please, by thee I live.

O D. E. IV.

AD URBEM ROMAM DE INDOLE DRUSI,
EJUSQUE INSTITUTIONE SUB AUGUSTO.

QUALEM ministrum fulminis alitem,
(Cui Rex deorum regnum in aves vagas

Permiserit, expertus fidelem

Jupiter in Ganymede flavo)

Olim juvenas & patrius vigor

Nido laborum propulit inscium :

Vernique jam nimbis remotis,

Insolitos docuere nifus

Venti paventem : mox in ovilia

Demisit hostem vividus imperus :

Nunc in reluctantes dracones :

Egit amor dapis atque pugnae :

Qualemve lætis caprea pascuis

Intenta, fulvæ matris ab ubere

Jam lacte depulsum leonem,

Dente novo peritura videt :

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

As the winged bearer of the thunder-bolt (to whom Jupiter, the king of the gods, has granted the supremacy over the wandering birds, having found him faithful in the translation of yellow-hair'd Ganymede) of old, youth and paternal exertion drove him from his nest unlearned to labour; and the vernal breezes, the rains being now over, taught him unusual adventures, though at first dismayed. Anon his lively impetuosity

O D E IV.

TO THE CITY OF ROME, CONCERNING THE
GENIUS OF DRUSUS, AND HIS EDUCATION
UNDER AUGUSTUS.

AS him, by mighty Jove preferr'd
On high his thunder-bolts to bear,
Deem'd o'er the winged race the sovereign bird,
E'er since he made sweet youth, and innocence his care,
Of old, green years, but strength innate,
Drove him, unskill'd, upon his prey,
And vernal winds, the winter out of date,
Taught him unwonted flights, but not without dismay,
Anon, by vivid impulse sped,
He wages war against the folds,
And by his lust of fight and plunder led,
The curv'd-reluctant snakes within his claws he holds.
Or as a goat in pastures green
Intent, a lion's tawny whelp
(Whom his fierce mother did but lately wean)
Eyes rushing with new fangs, and has no hope of help.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

impetuosity sent him down in hostility against the sheep-folds, till now a love of food and fight has urged him against the struggling serpents—or as a she-goat, busied in the fertile pastures, has seen a lion, lately weaned from the dugs of his tawny mother, about to perish by his fangs, but just come

Videre Rhoeti bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem & Vindelici, quibus

Mos unde deductus per omne

Tempus Amazoniâ securi
Dextras obarmet, quærere distuli:

(Nec scire fas est omnia) sed diu

Lateque victrices catervæ

Consiliis juvenis revictæ

Sensere, quid mens rite, quid indoles

Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus

Possêt, quid Augusti paternus

In pueros animus Nerohes.

Fortes creantur fortibus, & bonis:

Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum

Virtus: nec imbellem feroces

Progenerant aquilæ columbam:

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,

Rectique cultus pectora roborant,

Utcunque defecere mores,

Dedecorant bene nata culpæ,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

out. Such Drusus, conducting the war under the Alps, did the Rhoetians behold, and the Vindelici (whose custom of arming their right-hands with the Amazonian ax for such a series of years, whence it was deduced I have neglected to enquire, neither is it possible to understand all things;) but these hands, victorious so long, for such an extent, overthrown by the counsels of the youth, were made sensible what a good disposition, what a genius rightly formed under an auspicious roof, what the paternal spirit of Augustus to the Neroes,

Such warrior Drusus in his bloom
 The Rhoetian and North-Alpine band
 Beheld (which latter whence they did assume
 With Amazonian ax long since to arm their hand,
 I have omitted to declare,
 Nor can we every matter know)
 But far and wide victorious as they were,
 The young man's wondrous conduct taught them at a
 blow,
 How a well-bent ingenuous mind,
 And genius disciplin'd can awe,
 Whose plan was in a happy school design'd
 By Cæsar, more than father to his sons-in-law.
 The brave are gender'd by the brave,
 This truth ev'n genuine steers attest,
 The manag'd seeds by progeny behave,
 Nor are tame turtles hatch'd in yon fierce eagle's nest.
 Yet learning inward strength assists,
 And education mans the heart,
 Refinement by morality exists,
 Or else good-nature fails for want of wholesome art.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Neroes, when boys, could perform together. The brave are created from the brave, and there is the goodness of their fires in good bullocks; there is the same in horses; nor do the fierce eagles produce the timorous dove; but learning improves the internal vigour, and right education strengthens the heart: wherever morals are wanting, vices defile that which is good in grain.—O Rome! how much you are in-

Quid debeas ô Roma Neronibus
 Testis Metaurum flumen, & Afrubal
 Devictus, & pulcher fugatis
 Ille die Latio tenebris.
 Qui primus almâ risit adorea,
 Dirus per urbis Aferuit Italas,
 Seu flamma per tedas, vel Eurus
 Per Siculas equitavit undas,
 Post hoc secundis usque laboribus
 Romana pubes crevit : & impio
 Vastata Pœnorum tumultu
 Fana deos habuere rectos :
 Dixitque tandem perfidus Annibal,
 Cervi, luporum præda rapacium,
 Sectamur ultro, quos epimus
 Fallere & effugere est triumphus.
 Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Illo
 Jactata Tuscis æquoribus, sacra
 Natosque, maturosque patres
 Pertulit Ausonias ad urbes,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

debted to the Neros, the river Metaurus is a witness, and the routed Afrubal, and that day, bright by the darkness dispelled from Italy, which first smiled with the benign fruits of victory, when the dire African rode through the cities of Italy a flame upon lighted torches, or the east-wind over the Sicilian billows. Henceforward the Roman youth throve perpetually by fortunate achievements; and temples demolished by the impious ravages of the Carthaginians, had the images of the gods erected again. — And at length the treacherous

What to the Neros Rome should pay,
 The loud Metaurus witness bears,
 And vanquish'd Asdrubal—and that fair day
 Which clear'd the low'ring gloom from our distress'd
 affairs.

That day, which many a prize renowns,
 First mention'd victory to gain,
 When Hannibal fled thro' th' Italian towns,
 Like wind that sweeps the sea, or fire that takes the
 train.

From this desirable event
 The Roman enterprizes throve,
 And ravag'd, where the Punic plund'ers went,
 The temples stood repair'd in every sacred grove;
 Until the traitor said at last,

“ Like stags, of rav'nous wolves the prey,
 “ We follow those heroic bands too fast,
 “ Of whom by craft and flight we solely win the day.
 “ The nation, which from Troy on fire,
 “ Held sacred from their numerous woes,
 “ Brought through the Tuscan seas the son and fire,
 “ In fair Ausonia's towns from shipwreck to repose,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

treacherous Hannibal spoke to this effect: “ We, as stags,
 “ the prey of devouring wolves, pursue of our own accord
 “ those, whom to impose upon and elude is a glorious tri-
 “ umph. That nation which, harrassed in the Tuscan
 “ floods, bravely brought through their consecrated things,
 “ and sons, and fathers far advanced in years, from the con-
 “ sumed Troy to the Ausonian cities, like an oak lopped by
 “ hard

Duris ut illex tonsa bipennibus
 Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
 Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
 Ducit opes animumque ferro.
 Non Hydra secto corpore firmior
 Vinci dolentem crevit in Herculem :
 Monstrumve summisere Colchi
 Majus Echioniaeve Thebæ.
 Merces profundo, pulchrior evenit :
 Luctere, multâ proruet integrum
 Cum laude victorem : geretque
 Prælia conjugibus loquenda.
 Carthagini jam non ego nuntios
 Mittam superbos : occidit, occidit
 Spes omnis & fortuna nostri
 Nominis, Asdrubale interempto.
 Nil Claudiae non efficient manus :
 Quas & benigno numine Jupiter
 Defendit & curæ sagaces
 Expediunt per acuta belli.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

" hard axes in Algidus, productive of dusky leaves, through
 " detriments, through wounds, from the very sword draws sup-
 " plies and spirit. The Hydra did not with more strength
 " increase against Hercules, grieving to be baffled ; nor did
 " the Colchians, or Thebes, built by Echion, ever send
 " forth a greater miracle. Should one sink it in the depth,
 " it comes up the fairer ; should one engage with it, it will
 " demolish the victor hitherto whole with much renown,
 " and

- " As from the ax the hardy oak,
 " Which in dark Algidus abounds;
 " Tho' hurt and damag'd by the frequent stroke,
 " Thrives, and exalts his head, aspiring by its wounds:
 " Not more increase did Hydra, maim'd,
 " Against griev'd Hercules assume,
 " Nor was or Thebes, nor was ev'n Colchis, fam'd
 " For prodigies, more great, more wonderful than
 " Rome.
 " Sunk to the center, they will rise
 " More fair, and woe to him that strives;
 " From vet'ran victors they will win the prize,
 " And send the gallant tale to entertain their wives,
 " No more my proud couriers I send
 " To Carthage fall'n, ah fall'n! and fled
 " Is all our hope; nor fortune is our friend
 " (Though once she lov'd our name) now Asdrubal is
 " dead."

Nothing so glorious in the field,
 But Claudius will with ease atchieve;
 Whom Jove defends, with prudence for his shield,
 Thro' intricate distress and war his way to cleave.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

" and will wage wars to furnish conversation for their wives.
 " Now no more will I send proud dispatches to Carthage!
 " all the hope and fortune of our name is lost! is lost by the
 " death of Asdrubal!" There is nothing so difficult but
 the hands of Claudius will atchieve, which both Jupiter de-
 fends with his indulgent influence, and wise foresight con-
 ducts through the stratagems and hardships of war.

O D E V.

AD AUGUSTUM.

Ut tandem in urbem redeat.

DIVIS orte bonis, optime Romulæ
 Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu :
 Maturum reditum pollicitus patrum
 Sancto concilio, redi.

Lucem redde tuæ dux bone patriæ,
 Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
 Affulsit populo, grator it dies,
 Et soles melius nitent.

Ut mater juvenem, quem Notus invido
 Flatu Carpathii trans maris æquora
 Cunctantem spatio longius annuo
 Dulci destinet à domo,

Votis ominibusque & precibus vocat,
 Curvo nec faciem littore dimover ;
 Sic, desideriis ista fidelibus
 Quærit patria Cæsarem,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O most excellent protector of the race or Romulus ! born under benign gods, you are absent from us now too long ; having promised an early return to the sacred council of the conscript fathers, return accordingly. Return, O good chief, the light to your country ; for wherever your countenance has brightened upon the people like the spring-tide, the day goes on more acceptable, and the sun gives better shine. As a mother, with vows, conjectures, and prayers, calls for her son (whom the south with invidious blasts separates from his dear home, lingering more than the space of a year beyond the Carpathian waves) nor takes her face off the winding coast. Thus smitten with loyal earnings, his country enquires

O D E V.
T O A U G U S T U S.

That he would at length return to Rome.

FROM gods propitious sprung, O guard
Of Roman greatness! you retard
Now far too long your stay :
That promise of a quick return
You made the House, no more adjourn,
But keep a shorter day.
Restore to this thy native place
The light, good chief, for when thy face,
Like spring, its lustre throws,
The day goes off with more content,
And in a better firmament
A brighter sunshine glows.
As for her son a mother's pain'd,
Above the destin'd year detain'd,
By southern blasts malign,
Beyond Carpathian waves profound,
Where he continues weather-bound,
For his sweet home to pine.
With calculations, tears, and sighs,
And vows, she calls, nor turns her eyes
From off the winding shore ;
Ev'n with that fondness these desires
Cæsar his native land requires,
Still wanted more and more.

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
Nutrit rura Ceres, almaque Faustitas,
Pacatum volitant per mare navitæ :

Culpari metuit fides :

Nullus polluitur casta domus stupris :
Mox & lex maculosum edomuit nefas :

Laudantur simili prole puerperæ :

Culpam pœna premit comes.

Quis Parthum paveat ? Quis gelidum Scythen ?

Quis, Germania quos horrida parturit

Fœtus, incolumi Cæsare ? Quis feræ

Bellum curet Iberiæ ?

Condit quisque diem collibus in suis,

Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores :

Hinc ad vina redit lætus, & alteris

Te mensis adhibet deum.

Te multâ prece, te prosequitur mero

Defuso pateris : & Laribus tuum

Miscet numen, uti Græcia Castoris,

Et magni memor Herculis.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

enquires after Cæsar ; for, when you are present, the ox secure expatiates over the pastures ; Ceres cherishes the country, and also benign good-hap ; the seamen fly through the pacific Egean ; sincerity is fearful of blame ; the chaste house is defiled by no adulterers ; example and the law have eradicated filthy lewdness ; women in labour are extolled for the likeness of their issue ; punishment urges guilt, by accompanying it. Who can dread the Parthian, who the cold Scythian, who the race that rough Germany genders, who cares for the war of savage Spain, while Cæsar is in health ? Every man closes the day in his own hills, and weds the vine to the widow elm-trees ; thence he returns chearful to his wine, and invites you, as a divinity, to his desert. Thee he presses with many a prayer ; thee with neat wine poured forth of the goblet,

For where you are, the grazing steer
 Roams o'er the meadows, free from fear,
 Ceres yields ampler fruit ;
 The sailors plow the peaceful main,
 And honour, cautious of a stain,
 Keeps accusation mute.
 Each house is clear of guilt impure,
 Example and the laws secure
 The heart from filthy' sin ;
 For penalty sticks close to blame ;
 Our ladies are of peerless fame
 For children like their kin.
 The Parthian, or with ice congeal'd
 Who fears the Scythian in the field,
 Or who the monstrous host
 That Germany brings forth and sends,
 Or who the threats from Spain attends,
 While Cæsar keeps his post ?
 Each Roman sends the sun to bed
 On his own hill, and loves to wed
 To widow'd elms the vine,
 Thence home at night he goes alert,
 And thee, as god of his desert,
 Invites to grace his wine.
 Thee their incessant pray'rs adore,
 And large libations on the floor,
 Are offer'd to thy state ;
 Thou with the household-gods art join'd,
 As Greece her Castor bore in mind,
 And Hercules the great.

Longas ô utinam dux bone ferias;
 Præstes Hesperiae, dicimus integro
 Sicci mane die, dicimus uvidi,
 Cum sol Oceano subest.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

goblet, and mixes your divine spirit with his household gods,
 as Grece was mindful of Castor, and the great Hercules:
 May you, good chief, give long holidays to Italy: we say it
 when

Long may'st thou give, O glorious chief!

To Rome this leisure and relief,

So constant patriots pray;

Thus sober in the morn we cry,

Thus in the night with bumpers high,

When ocean hides the day.

PROSE INTERPRETATION

when sober in the morning, ere the day is far spent; we say
it mellow, when the sun is under the ocean.

Vol. II. H ODE
Thou too, whom the gods of Nisus left an avenger of an
ancient wrong, and Thos the swiftest, and the Paphian
Achilles, though almost the father of Atrides, I too, a soldier
greater than either, as match for thee; I too, a son of the
manly Iphigeneia, who look the Dardanians down, gallant with
me, as a pine trunk, when a pine trunk is broken, and
leaves of a cypress, tossed by the east wind, are extended, and
placed as such in Thyrsus. He who has been up in an
ancient host, being the latest time of Mithras, have de-
scribed

O D E VI.

AD APOLLINEM ET DIANAM.

DIVE, quem proles Niobæa magna
 Vindicem linguæ, Tityosque raptor
 Sensit, & Trojæ prope victor altæ
 Phthius Achilles.
 Cæteris major, tibi miles impar :
 Filius quamvis Thetidis marinæ
 Dardanas tures quateret tremenda
 Cuspide pugnax,
 Ille, mordaci velut icta ferro
 Pinus, aut impulsa cupressus Euro,
 Procidit late, posuitque collum in
 Pulvere Teucro.
 Ille non inclusus equo Minervæ
 Sacra mentito, male feriatos
 Troas & lætam Priami choreis
 Falleret aulam :

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Thou god, whom the issue of Niobe felt an avenger of an arrogant tongue, and Tityos the ravisher, and the Phthian Achilles, though almost the subduer of stately Troy, a soldier greater than other, no match for thee; albeit son of the maritime Thetis he shook the Dardanian towers, gallant with his formidable spear. He, as a pine struck with the biting steel, or a cypress, felled by the east wind, fell extended, and placed his neck in Trojan dust. He would not, pent up in an artificial horse, belying the sacred rites of Minerva, have deceived

O D E VI.

TO APOLLO AND DIANA.

GOD, whose dread power the * Theban queen
 Felt for her boastings proud and vain,
 And Tityos ravisher obscene,
 And Peleus' son, who might have been
 High Ilion's fatal bane;
 The soldier, braver than them all,
 No match for thee was taught to fear,
 Though him her child did Thetis call,
 And though he shook the Dardan wall,
 Arm'd with tremendous spear.
 As falls to biting steel the pine,
 Or Cypress to the eastern gulf,
 So he was humbled to resign
 His life, extended, and recline
 His neck in Trojan dust.
 He in no wooden horse disguis'd,
 For sacred rites of false report,
 The Trojan dupes would have surpris'd,
 'Midst feasts and dances ill-advis'd,
 In city and at court.

* Niobe.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ceived the Trojans keeping evil holiday, and the palace of Priam joyful with dances; but openly hard upon the captives, would (alas! alas! the horror) have burnt children

Sed palam captis gravis (heu nefas, heu)

Nescios fari pueros Achivis

Ureret flammis, etiam latentes

Matris in alvo :

Ni, tuis victus Venerisque gratæ

Vocibus, divum pater annuisset

Rebus Æneæ potiore ductos

Alite muros.

Doctus argutæ fidicem Thaliæ

Phœbe, qui Xantho lavis amne crines :

Dauniæ defende decus Camœnæ,

Lævis Agyeu.

Spiritum Phœbus mihi, Phœbus artem

Carminis, nomēque dedit Poetæ.

Virginum primæ, puerique claris

Patribus orti.

Delix tutela deæ, fugaces

Lyncas & cervos cohibentis arcu,

Lesbium servate pedem, meique

Pollicis ictum,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

unable to speak, with the Grecian flames, even such as were hid in their mothers wombs; had not the father of the gods, overcome with thy prayers, and those of the graceful Venus, assented to the circumstances of Æneas, that he should found walls under more prosperous omens. Thou harper, Phœbus, the teacher of the melodious Thalia, who wash your locks in the river Xanthus, O smooth-shaven * Agyeus, assert the honour of the Latin muse. Phœbus gave me the spirit, Phœbus the art of the ode, and the name of a lyric poet.—Ye damsels

* So called from *agviva*, a street, because there were altars to him in the open streets.

Ode 6. THE ODES OF HORACE. 1011

But boldly fierce, with open ire,
 Alas! alas! the dreadful doom
 Had gratify'd his vengeance dire,
 And infants burnt with Grecian fire,
 Ev'n in their mother's womb.

If not by thee wrought to relent,
 And Venus in persuasion skill'd,
 The fire of gods had giv'n assent
 That for more fortunate event,
 Æneas walls should build.

O lyrist, with a master's air,
 By whom the sweet Thalia plays,
 Which in cool Xanthus lav'd thy hair,
 Make thou the Daunian muse thy care,
 Enlightner of our ways.

Phœbus, my spirit, taste, and flame,
 Gives all the gifts that verse adorn;
 From him I have the poet's name—
 " Ye virgins of unspotted fame,
 " And youths most nobly born,
 " Wards of the Delian maid, so fleet
 " 'Gainst stags and ounces with her bow,
 " Take notice of the Lesbian feet,
 " And, as the time you see me beat,
 " Attend to fast and slow,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

sels of the first rank, and ye lads derived from famous fathers;
 ye wards of the Delian goddess, who intercepts with her bow
 the flying ounces and the stags, keep up the Lesbian foot,
 and the stroke of my thumb, ritually singing the son of La-

Rite Latonæ puerum canentes,
 Rite crescentem face noctilucam,
 Prosperam frugum, celeremque pronos
 Volvere menses.

Nupta jam dices, Ego diis amicum
 Sæculæ festas referente luces,
 Reddidi Carmen, docilis modorum
 Vatis Horati.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

tona, ritually the goddess that illuminates the night with
 her bright crescent, happy for the fruits of the earth, and
 quick to roll on the declining months. Anon, when married,

you

- " Extolling with the ritual praise
 " Latona's darling in your song,
 " And her that nightly mends her blaze,
 " As shedding her fructiferous rays,
 " She rolls the months along.
 " Soon when you're marry'd each shall say,
 " I too was present to rehearse,
 " Upon that memorable day,
 " The numbers of th' Horatian lay,
 " Skill'd in his mystic verse."

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

you shall say, " I, docile in the measures of the poet Horace,
 " rehearsed an ode suitable to the gods, when the return of
 " the age brought on the days of festivity."

H +

ODE

O D E VII.

AD L. MANLIUM TORQUATUM.

Omnia tempore mutantur, jucunde igitur vivendum est.

DIFFUGERE nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ.

Mutat terra vices, & decrescentia ripas

Flumina prætereunt.

Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet

Ducere nuda choros.

Immortalia ne speres monet annus, & alnum

Quæ rapit hora diem.

Frigora mitescunt Zephyris : ver proterit æstas,

Interitura, simul

Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit : & mox

Bruma recurret iners.

Damina tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ :

Nos ubi decidimus

Quo pius Æneas, quo Tullus dives, & Ancus,

Pulvis & umbra sumus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

The snows are fled away, the verdure now returns to the plains, and the leaves to trees. The earth changes turns, and the dissolving rivers pass along their shores. The Grace, with the nymphs and her two sisters, is emboldened, though naked, to set the dances. That you are not to hope for immortal things here, the year gives warning, and so does the hour that hurries on the kindly day. The colds abate by the zephyrs,

O D E VII.

TO L. MANLIUS TORQUATUS.

*All things are changed by time; one ought therefore to live
cheerfully.*

THE melted snow the verdure now restores,
 And leaves adorn the trees;
 The season shifts — subsiding to their shores
 The rivers flow with ease.
 The Grace, with nymphs and with her sisters twain,
 Tho' naked dares the dance —
 That here's no permanence the years explain,
 And days, as they advance.
 The air grows mild with zephyrs, as the spring
 To summer cedes the sway,
 Which flies when autumn hastes his fruits to bring,
 Then winter comes in play.
 The moons their heav'nly damages supply —
 Not so the mortal star —
 Where good Eneas, Tullus, Ancus lie,
 Ashes and dust we are.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

zephyrs, the summer treads upon the spring, shortly about to go off itself, as soon as fruit-bearing autumn shall diffuse its stores; and presently tardy winter comes round again. However, the fleet moons repair their celestial losses. We, when we fall, are dust and ashes; there, where pious Eneas, where wealthy Tully and Ancus are gone before. Who knows whether

Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ craftina summæ
Tempora Dii superi?

Cuncta manus avidas fugient hæredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.

Quum semel occideris, & de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria,

Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas.

Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum

Liberat Hyppolytum:

Nec Lethæa valet Theseus abtrumperè charo

Vincula Perithoo.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ther the gods above will add to this day's account the hours of to-morrow! Every thing that you shall give to your social soul, shall escape the hands of your greedy heir. When once, Torquatus, you shall depart, and Minos shall have given a noble sentence for you; not your * family, nor your pleading,

* One of the most illustrious in Rome, he being a descendant of Titus Manlius Torquatus, so great in history.

nor

Who knows if heav'n will give to-morrow's boon

To this our daily pray'r?

The goods you take to keep your soul in tune,

Shall scape your greedy heir.

When you shall die, tho' Minos must acquit

A part so nobly play'd;

Race, eloquence, and goodness, from the pit

Cannot restore your shade.

For nor Diana's heav'nly pow'r or love,

Hippolytus revives;

Nor Theseus can Perithous remove

From his Lethean gives.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

nor your goodnefs, shall recover you: For neither can Diana deliver the continent Hippolytus from infernal gloom, nor is Theseus able to force away the Lethean chains from his dear Perithous.

O D E VIII.

AD MARTIUM CENSORINUM.

*Nihil est, quod homines magis immortales reddere possit,
quam Poetarum carmina.*

DONAREM pateras grataque commodus
Censorine meis æra sodalibus :
Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium
Grajorum : neque tu pessima munerum
Ferres : divite me scilicet artium,
Quas aut Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas ;
Hic saxo, liquidis illè coloribus
Soters nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum,
Sed non hæc mihi vis : non tibi talium
Res est aut animus deliciarum egens.
Gaudes carminibus, carmina possumus
Donare, & pretium dicere muneris.
Non incisa notis marmora publicis,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

I would give, O Censorinus, goblets in compliance to my companions, and acceptable vessels of brass ; I would give tripods, those rewards of the stout Grecians, nor should you bear off the most paltry of the rewards, supposing me rich in such works of art, which either Parrhasius or Scopas brought into vogue, the one in stone, the other in liquid colours, expert to present now a man, and now a god. But this power is not mine, nor are your affairs or inclinations indigent of such niceties. You rejoice in verse ; verse I can give, and at the same time fix a price to the present. Not marbles inscribed with

O D E VIII.

TO MARTIUS CENSORINUS.

*There is nothing that can immortalize rather than the
works of poets.*

GOBLETS to every friend of gold,
And statues of Corinthian mould,
In gratitude I had bestow'd,
Attending to the present mode;
And tripods too, which were the mead,
That Greece her valiant sons decreed;
Nor shou'd you have the meanest prize,
Were I enrich'd with such supplies,
As Scopas or Parrhasius send,
The one his colours skill'd to blend;
The one, whose excellence is known
To cut a god or man in stone:
But I keep no toy-treasures hid,
Nor do you want them if I did:
Your taste is of a nobler flight,
And poetry is your delight;
Which I can furnish, and assign
The merit of the gift divine.
Not marbles, that the public place
With long inscriptions on the base,

Per quæ spiritus & vita redit bonis
 Post mortem ducibus: non celeres fugæ,
 Rejectæque retrorsum Annibalis minæ,
 Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,
 Ejus, qui domitâ nomen ab Africa
 Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant
 Laudes, quam Calabræ Pierides: neque
 Si chartæ fileant quod bene feceris,
 Mercedem tuleris, quid foret Iliæ
 Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas
 Obstaret meritis invidæ Romuli?
 Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Eacum
 Virtus & favor & lingua potentium
 Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.
 Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,
 Cœlo Musa beat. Sic Jovis interest
 Optatis epulis impiger Hercules:
 Clarum Tyndaridæ sidus ab infimis
 Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rates:

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

with popular characters, by which the spirit and life return to good general officers after their death; not the expeditious flight, and threats of Hannibal, retorted upon himself; not the firing of impious Carthage, more clearly illustrate the praises of him who returned, having earned a name from worsted Africa, than the Calabrian muses; neither would you receive a reward for your benefits, should writings be mute. What had the son of Mars and Ilia been, if grudging taciturnity had opposed the merits of Romulus? The virtue, favour, and tongue of the powerful poets, consecrates Eacus, rescued from the Stygian waves to the happy islands. The muse

Ode 8. THE ODES OF HORACE. III

By which returns beyond the grave
 New life and spirit to the brave;
 Not Hannibal what time he fled,
 With threats retorted on his head;
 Not impious Carthage, all a-flame,
 To greater brightness raise his name,
 (Who, when from conquest he return'd,
 The title AFRICANUS earn'd)
 Than he, who those achievements sung,
 Ev'n Ennius from Calabria sprung;
 Nor, if our writings shou'd be mute,
 Wou'd benefit receive its fruit.
 What wou'd the acts of him the son
 Of Mars, and what had Ilia done;
 If silence, envious of renown,
 Had borne their matchless merits down?
 The virtue, votes, and pow'ful word
 Of bards, have Eacus transferr'd
 From Strygian darkness, to the isles
 Where happiness eternal smiles.
 The muse excepts against the doom
 Of meritorious men in Rome.
 The muse can bless you to the skies—
 'Twas thus brave Hercules cou'd rise
 To taste with Jove, a welcome guest,
 Celestial fare amongst the rest.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

muse refuses a man worthy praise to die: the muse blesses
 with heaven. Thus diligent Hercules is present at the wish'd-
 for banquets of Jove; thus the brilliant constellations, that
 were

102 Q. HORATII PLACCI CARMINUM. L. 4.

Ornatus viridi tempora pampino
Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

were the sons of Tyndarus, deliver ship-wrecked vessels from the bottom of the floods; thus Bacchus, adorned, as to his temples, with the green vine-leaf, brings our vows to a good event.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

male refers a man worthy to be the son of Tyndarus. I have translated the word 'pampino' as 'adorned with the green vine-leaf'.

Ode 8. THE ODES OF HORACE. 113

'Tis thus the fam'd twin-stars obtain,
To save ships shatter'd on the main;
Thus, ivy-crown'd, the god of wine
Gives furth'rance to each fair design.

O D E IX.

A D L O L L I U M.

Scripta sua nunquam interibunt: virtus, sine carminum ope, oblivione deletur. Lollii laudes ille cantabit, cujus virtutes etiam celebrat.

NE forte credas interitura, quæ
 Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum,
 Non ante vulgatas per artes
 Verba loquor socianda chordis:
 Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
 Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
 Cæque & Alcæi minaces,
 Stesichorique graves camcænæ:
 Nec, si quid olim lufit Anacreon,
 Delevit ætas. Spirat adhuc amor,
 Vivuntque commiffi calores
 Æoliæ fidibus puellæ.
 Non fola comptos arfit adulteri
 Crines, & aurum veltibus illitum
 Mirata, regalesque cultus
 Et comites, Helene Lacæna,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Left perchance you should believe that thefe words are about to be extinct, which I, born on the Aufides, founding afar off, by skill hitherto unpublished, fpeak to be accompanied by the ftrings.—Know—if Mæonian Homer hold the upper feat, yet the Pindaric, Cean, and fierce mufes of Alcæus, and the grave ftrains of Stesichorus, are by no means hid: nor if Anacreon of yore wrote in a sportive vein, has
 age

O D E IX.

T O L O L L I U S.

*The writings of Horace will never be lost: virtue, without
verse, is liable to oblivion. He will sing the praises of
Lollius, whose particular excellencies he likewise com-
memorates.*

LEST you should think the strains will die,
Which I in skill but newly found
With voice to correspondent strings ally,
Borne where from far the rocks of Aufidus resound,
Know, that if Homer take the lead,
Yet is not Pindar out of date;
Nor Cean nor Alcean fire recede,
Nor that * Sicilian bard's authority and weight;
Nor if of old Anacreon sung,
Has time his sportive lays suppress'd;
Alive are all the notes of Sappho's tongue,
Which too her lyre she play'd, of genuine warmth pos-
sefs'd.

Helen was not the only fair,
That was enamour'd to admire
Th' adult'rer's golden garb, and flowing hair,
And royal equipage, with all their grand attire.

* *Stesichorus.*

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

age abolished him; as yet the love of the Eolian maid Sappho
breathes, and her warmth, set to her lyre, is alive. The
Spartan Helen did not alone burn for the well-dressed hair of

Primusve Teucer tela Cydonio
 Direxit arcu, non semel Ilios
 Vexata non pugnavit ingens
 Idomeneus Sthenelusve solus
 Dicenda Musis praelia, non feror
 Hector, vel acer Deiphobus graves
 Exceptit ictus pro pudicis
 Conjugibus puerisque primus,
 Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
 Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
 Urgentur, ignotique longa
 Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.
 Paulum sepulcræ distat inertie
 Celata virtus. Non ego te meis
 Chartis inornatum filebo,
 Totve tuos patiar labores
 Impune, Lolli, carpere lividas
 Obliviones. Est animus tibi
 Rerumque prudens, & secundis
 Temporibus dubiisque rectus,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

an adulterer, and admired his cloaths embroidered with gold, and his royal breeding and equipage: or did Teucer first direct his darts with the Cydonian bow: Troy was not only once oppressed: the huge Idomeneus and Sthenelus were not the sole chiefs that fought battles worthy to be sung by the muses; the furious Hector, or active Deiphobus, were not the first that received grievous blows in behalf of their chaste wives, and their children: many gallant men lived before Agamemnon,

Nor Teucer, from Cydonian string,
 Was first that with his darts engag'd;
 Nor Troy but once besieged, nor Cretan king,
 Nor Sthenelus alone the well-sung contest wag'd.
 Not Hector, val'rous as he was,
 Nor fierce Deiphobus begun
 To bleed and suffer in their country's cause,
 Or for a virtuous wife, or for a darling son.
 Before great Agamemnon shone,
 Heroes there were — but all in night,
 Long night, are buried, piteous and unknown,
 For want of sacred bards their glories to recite.
 Virtue conceal'd is next, I deem,
 To bury'd sloth — I will not spare
 For ornament, when Lollius is the theme;
 Nor suffer so much merit, such a life of care
 In black oblivion to be hurl'd —
 You, Lollius, have a noble mind;
 Skilful and fraught with knowledge of the world,
 Equal for all events, or temp'rate or resign'd.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Agamemnon, but all of them, unbewailed and unknown, are pressed down in a long obscurity, inasmuch as they wanted a sacred poet. Worth concealed, is but little different from buried sloth. — O Lollius! I will not pass over in silence thee unadorned in my writings, or permit invidious oblivion with impunity to seize on so many good works of yours. Your spirit is both intelligent in affairs, and upright in prosperous and precarious times; vindictive against niggardly craft, and

Vindex avaræ fraudis, & abstinens
Ducentis ad se cuncta pecuniæ.

Consulque non unius anni,

Sed quoties bonus atque fidus

Judex honestum prætulit utili, &

Rejecit alto dona nocentium

Vultu : & per obstantes catervas

Explicuit sua victor arma.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris

Recte beatum : rectius occupat

Nomen beati, qui deorum

Muneribus sapienter uti,

Duramque callet pauperiem pati :

Pesusque letho flagitium timet.

Non ille pro charis amicis

Aut patriâ timidus perire,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

abstinent of money that draws every thing after it, and a consul not of one year, but as often as the good and faithful magistrate has preferred the honest to the lucrative, and has rejected, with a lofty countenance, the gifts of pernicious men, and has victoriously displayed his arms thro' opposing multitudes. You shall not rightly name one, possessing much, happy;

Of greedy fraud the judge severe,
 Forbearing all-attractive gold;
 A consul not elected for a year,
 But still esteem'd, in fact, that dignity to hold.
 Where'er the magistrate prefers
 Things honest to his private ends,
 And bribing villains with a look deters,
 And draws against the crowd, and his fair fame defends
 He is not happy, rightly nam'd,
 Whom large possessions still increase—
 By him more truly is that title claim'd,
 Who holds the gifts divine in prudence and in peace;
 Who's able hardship to sustain,
 And dreads vile actions worse than death;
 He for his friends counts any loss a gain,
 And for his country's cause will give his dying breath.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

happy : he more justly asserts the name of a happy man, who cleverly comprehends how to use the gifts of the gods, and to endure the hardships of poverty, and fears wickedness worse than death : nor he is in dread to fall for his dear friends, or native country.

O D E X.

A D P H Y L L I D E M.

Die natali Mecenatis invitat eam ad epulas.

EST mihi monum superantis annum
 Plenus Albani cadus: est in horto,
 Phylli, nectendis apium coronis,
 Est hederæ vis

Multa, quâ crines religata fulges;
 Ridet argento domus: ara castis
 Vincita verbenis, aet immolato
 Spargier agno.

Cuncta festinat manus: huc & illuc
 Curstant mistæ pueris puellæ:
 Sordium flammæ trepidant rotantes
 Vertice fumum,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Phyllis, I have a hog'shead full of Albanian wine, in age exceeding nine years; I have in my garden parsley; for the knitting of chaplets I have a great quantity of ivy, with which being bound, as to your hair, you shine: the house looks chearful with silver plate: the altar bound with pure vervains, covets to be sprinkled with a sacrificed lamb. All hands bustle; the damsels, mixt with the lads, run about here and there: the flames blaze hastily, rolling up the sooty smoke at

O D E X.

T O P H Y L L I S.

He invites her to a banquet, upon the birth-day of Mæcenas.

FULL nine years old my cellar stows

A cask of good Albanian wine,

And parsley in my garden grows;

For Phyllis chaplets to compose,

Much ivy too is mine:

With whose green gloss you shall be crown'd;

With burnish'd plate the house looks gay,

The altar, with chaste vervains bound,

Craves to be * sprinkled from the wound,

As we the lambkin slay.

All hands are busied—here and there

Mixt with the lads the lasses fly,

The bustling flames, to dress the fare,

Roll up thick smoke, which clouds the air

Above the roof on high.

* Horace's was a very old altar, so that yet and the obsolete infinitive spargier, are peculiarly happy.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

at the top of the house. However, that you may understand to what joys you are invited, the ideas are to be kept by you,

Utta men noris quibus advoceris
 Gaudiis : idus tibi sunt agenda,
 Qui dies mensem Veneris marinæ

Findit Aprilem :

Jure solemnis mihi, sanctiorque
 Pæne natali proprio, quod ex hac
 Luce Mæcenas meus affluentes
 Ordinât annos.

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit
 Non tuæ fortis juvenem puella
 Dives & lasciva : tenetque gratâ
 Compede vinctum.

Torret ambustus Phaeton avaras
 Spes : & exemplum grave præbet ales
 Pegafus, terrenum equitem gravatus
 Bellerophontem.

Semper ut te digna sequare : &, ultra
 Quam licet sperare, nefas putando,
 Disparem vites. Age jam meorum
 Finis amorum.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

on that very day, which divides April, the month of the sea-derived Venus, justly solemn to me, and almost more sacred than my own birth-day ; since, from this morn, my Mæcenas estimates his advancing years. A rich and wanton girl has seized upon Telephus, whom you aim at, a youth above your lot, and she holds him bound in an acceptable chain. The burnt Phaeton terrifies greedy hopes, and the winged Pegafus, grudging his earthly rider Bellerophon, yields a dreadful example, that you ought ever to follow such things as are worthy of you; and that you should shun an unequal match;
 by

But would you know what joy resides
With me, to tempt you at this time—
You are to celebrate the ides,
The day which April's month divides,
And Venus calls her prime :
A feast observable of right,
Which I more heartily reveré,
Than that which brought myself to light,
From whence my patron to requite,
Flow many a happy year !
Young Telephus, at whom you aim,
Is not for such as thee at all ;
A rich and a lascivious dame
Upon his love has fixt her claim,
And holds him in sweet thrall.
Let blasted Phaeton dissuade
Presumptuous hope too high to soar ;
And † he a dread example made
By Pegafus, who scornful neigh'd
That he a mortal bore.
Things worthy of yourself pursue,
Nor go where vain desire allures ;
'Tis lawless to extend your view
To one that's not a match for you—
Hail ! crown of my amours !

† *Bellerophon.*

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

by thinking it unlawful to raise your expectations beyond what is permitted you.—Come on, thou consummation of my
amours

124 Q. HORATI FLACCI CARMINUM. L. 4.

(Non enim posthac aliâ calebo
Fœminâ) condiscite modos, amandâ
Voce quos reddas. Minuentur atra
Carminè curæ.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

amours, (for in time to come I will be inflamed with no other lady) learn with me such measures as you may reach with your amiable voice; melancholy cares will be diminished by a song.

For, after this, I will be free
 From every other flame and fair —
 Come, learn the song I made for thee,
 And join, with charming voice and me,
 To banish gloomy care.

O D E XI.

A D V I R G I L I U M.

*Describit veris adventum, & Virgilium ad convivium sub
conditione invitat.*

JAM veris comites, quæ mare temperant,
Impellunt animæ lintea Thraciæ :
Jam nec prata rigent, nec fluvii strepunt
Hybernâ nive turgidi.

Nidum ponit, Ityn flebiliter gemens,
Infœlix avis, & Cecropiæ domus
Æternum opprobrium, quod male barbaras
Regum est ulta libidines.

Dicunt in tenero gramine pinguium
Custodes ovium carmina fistulâ :
Delectantque deum, cui pecus & nigri
Colles Arcadiæ placent.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Now the Thracian gales, those concomitants of the spring, that compose the sea, fill the canvas; now neither are the pastures stiff with frosts, nor do the rivers roar surcharged with wintery snow; that unfortunate * bird lamentably bemoaning the fate of Itys, and being the everlasting disgrace of the Cecropian family, because she maliciously revenged the barbarous lusts of kings, now fixes her nest. The shep-

* See the story of Progne, in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

O D E XI.
T O V I R G I L.

He describes the approach of spring, and invites Virgil to an entertainment upon a certain condition.

NOW the breezes fresh from Thrace,
Those attendants on the spring,
Still the sea, yet urge the race
Of the ships upon the wing:
No more the meadows lands are froze,
Nor roar the streams o'ercharg'd with snows.
Now the bird with mournful scream,
Aye for Itsy wont to pine,
Builds her nest, disgrace extreme
Of the great Cecropian line
E'er since, that most horrid treat
She forc'd the lustful king to eat.
Swains the thriving sheep that tend,
Thrown upon the mossy sod;
With the pipe their verses blend,
To divert the rural god:
Whom that sweet scene of flocks and hills,
In Arcady, with rapture fills.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

herds of the sheep sing verses to the pipe upon the tender
grass, and pleasure that god (Pan) to whom the flocks, and
the

Adduxere sitim tempora Virgili :
 Sed pressum Calibus ducere Liberum
 Si gestis, juvenum nobilium cliens
 Nardo vina merebere.

Nardi parvus onyx eliciet cadum
 Qui nunc Sulpitiis accubat horreis,
 Spes donare novas largus, amaraque
 Curarum eluere efficax.

Ad quæ si properas gaudia, cum tuâ
 Velox merce veni. Non ego te meis
 Immunem meditor tingere poculis,
 Plenâ dives ut in domo.

Verum pone moras, & studium lucri ;
 Nigrorumque memor, dum licet, ignium,
 Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem.
 Dulce est desipere in loco.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the dusky hills of Arcadia, are delightful. O Virgil! the season of the year has brought on thirst; but if you are fond of drinking wine pressed at Cales, as you are the client of young noblemen, you must deserve your liquors by some spikenard; a little box of spikenard shall coax out a cask, that now lies in the Sulpician cellars, generous to give men hopes, and effectual to wash away the bitters of care. To which joys, if you come speedily, approach expeditious with your merchandize. I do not propose to dip you in my cup free of cost, like a rich man in his plenteous house. But lay aside delay, and the study of lucre; and mindful, while you may, of the funeral fires, mix a short folly with your grave councils. It is sweet to take pastime in its season,

'Tis the time of drinking hard,
 But Calenean would you take,
 You must bring a box of nard,
 For your entertainment's sake:
 No less can wealthy Virgil frank,
 As tutor to our youths of rank.
 E'en an ounce of that perfume,
 Shall a special cask intice;
 Which in the Sulpician room
 Now sleeps clear of noise and vice:
 Fraught with new hopes of cleansing pow'r,
 Against the bitter and the sour.
 To these pleasures if you haste,
 You must enter with your fee;
 You shall not my goblets taste,
 By my inclination, free:
 As in the rich man's house you fare,
 Without contributing your share.
 But, my Virgil, lay aside
 All delay and thirst of gain;
 While 'tis lawful to provide,
 'Gainst the seats of death and pain:
 Let mirth relieve each grave concern,
 For folly's pleasant in it's turn.

O D E XII.

IN LYCEN MERETRICEM VETULAM.

*Insultat ei mordacissime, quod jam anus facta & libidine
flagrans contemnitur à juvenibus.*

AUDIVERE, Lyce, Dii mea vota : Dii
Audivere, Lyce ; sis anus, & temen.

Vis formosa videri,

Ludisque & bibis impudens :

Et cantu tremulo pota Cupidinem

Lentum sollicitas ille virentis &

Doctæ psallere Chiæ

Pulchris excubat in genis.

Importunus enim transvolat aridas

Quercus, & refugit, te quia luridi

Dentes, te quia rugæ

Turpant, & capitis nives.

Nec Coæ referent jam tibi purpuræ,

Nec clari lapides tempora, quæ semel

Notis condita fastis

Incluset volucris dies.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Lyce, the gods have heard my vows ; the gods, O Lyce, have heard them ; you are grown an old woman, and, notwithstanding, you have a mind to seem handsome ; and you play and drink with impudence ; and when in your cups, you solicit Cupid slow to come with your trembling cant. He lies in ambush on the beautiful cheeks of Chia, who is skilled

to

O D E XII.

UPON LYCE, AN ANTIQUATED COURTEZAN.

*He insults her with extreme bitterness; that now being old,
and yet retaining her lustful appetite, she is contemned by
the young gallants.*

LYCE, the gods my vows have heard,
At length they've heard my vows;
You wou'd be beauteous with a beard,
You romp and you carouse:
And drunk, with trembling voice, you court
Slow Cupid, prone to seek
For better music, bloom, and sport,
In buxom Chia's cheek.
For he, a sauce-box, scorns dry chips,
And teeth decay'd and green;
Where wrinkled forehead, and chapt lips,
And snowy hairs are seen.
Nor Coan elegance, nor gems,
Your past years will restore;
Which time to his records condemns,
With fleeting wings of yore.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

to sing and play. For he importunate flies over sapless oaks,
and abhors thee, because green teeth; thee, because wrinkles
and the snows of your hair deform you. Neither Coan pur-
ples, nor brilliants any longer bring back the idea of those
years,

132 Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMINUM: L. 4.

Quo fugit Venus? (heu) quove color decens?

Quo motus? quid habes illius, illius,

Quæ spirabat amores?

Que me surpuerat mihi.

Fœlix post Cynaram notaque & artium

Gratarum facies: sed Cynaræ breves

Annos fata dederunt:

Servatura diu parem

Cornicis vetulæ temporibus Lycen:

Possent ut juvenes visere fervidi,

Multo non sine risu.

Dilapsam in cineres facem.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

years, which winged time has once registered in the public diaries. Whither is Venus fled? alas! or where your bloom? where your decent gait? what have you left of her, of her that breathed the loves and stole me from myself; happy next

Ah! where's that form, complexion, grace,
 That air—where is she, say,
 That cou'd my sick'ning soul solace,
 And stole my heart away?
 Blest! who cou'd Cynara succeed,
 As artful and as fair—
 But fate, to Cynara, decreed
 Few summers for her share.
 That crow-like Lyce might survive,
 'Till lads shou'd laugh and shout,
 To see the torch, but just alive,
 So slowly stinking out.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

to Cynara, and a face well-known, and of most agreeable air—but the fates allowed only a few years to Cynara, about to preserve Lyce equal to the continuance of an old raven, that the hot young fellows might visit, not without immoderate laughter, the torch now wasted away to ashes.

O D E XIII.

A D A U G U S T U M.

A Senatu populoque Romano honores Augusto tribui non possunt, qui virtutes ejus equare valeant.

QUÆ cura patrum, quæve Quiritium,
Plenis honorum muneribus tuas

Auguste virtutes in avum

Per titulos memoresque fastos

Æternæ? ô, qua Sol habitabiles

Illustrat oras, maxime Principium,

Quem legis expertes Latinæ

Vindelici didicere nuper

Quid Marte possis, milite nam tuo

Drusus Genaunos, implacidum genus,

Brennosque veloces, & arces

Alpibus impositas tremendis

Dejecit acer plus vice simplici,

Major Neronum mox grave prælium

Commisit immanesque Rhœtos

Auspiciis pepulit secundis.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

What care of the conscript fathers, or what of the people, O Augustus, can immortalize your merits with gifts full of honours, by the means of inscriptions and the memorials of records? O, greatest of princes, wherever the sun enlightens the habitable coasts, from whom the Vindelici, unexperienced in the Roman laws, have lately learned what you can

O D E XIII.

T O A U G U S T U S.

Honours, adequate to the merits of Augustus, cannot be attributed by the Roman senate and people.

WHAT can the conscript fathers do,
Or Romans join'd, with all their souls;
To give th' Augusten worth the honours due,
Grav'd on eternal brass, or written in the rolls.
O thou, the most illustrious prince,
Wheree'r the sun the world illumines;
'Twas thine the rough north Alpines to convince,
What dignity of rank your martial fame assumes.
For by your troops did Drusus rout
The fierce Genaunians, Brennians keen
And, more than once, raz'd many a strong redoubt
They pil'd upon the Alps tremendous to be seen.
Anon, the elder Nero fought
A dreadful fight with your success;
And drove th' enormous Rhetians, quick as thought,
From ev'ry post of war they ventur'd to possess.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

can do in war. For, with your forces, Drusus has more than, by a single turn, routed the Genaunians, a merciless race; and the swift Brennians, and the redoubts raised upon the dreadful Alps. The elder Nero soon after fought a grievous fight and drove off the enormous Rhetians, by your favourable auspices; worthy to be looked upon in the contest

Spectandus in certamine Martio;

Devota morti pectora liberæ

Quantis fatigaret ruinis :

Indomitas prope qualis undas

Exercet Auster; Pleiadum choro

Scindente nubes : impiger hostium

Vexare turmas, & frementem

Mittere equum medios per ignes.

Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,

Qui regna Dauni præfuit Appuli,

Quum sævit, horrendamque cultis

Diluvium meditatatur agris :

Ut barbarorum Claudius agmina

Ferrata vasto diruit impetu :

Primosque & extremos metendo,

Stravit humum, sine clade victor :

Te copias, te consilium, & tuos

Præbente divos. Nam tibi, quo die

Portus Alexandria supplex

Et vacuum patefecit aulam,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

of Mars, with what a downfall he harrassed the breasts devoted to a glorious death; just as the south exercises the unmanageable waves, the company of the Pleiads clearing the clouds, he is active to aggrieve the bonds of the enemy, and to drive his neighing steed thro' the midmost fires. Thus the bull-formed Aufidus, which flows before the domains of Apulian Daunus, is rolled along when he is furious, and intends a dreadful deluge to the cultured lands : as Claudius discomfited,

Nero, a glorious sight to see,
How he bore down the mighty bane
Of souls, resolv'd to die or to be free,
Ev'n as the south attacks the ocean's proud disdain,
While Pleiad, and her sisters, cleave
The clouds, the furious victor sped
Thro' midmost fire, the murm'ring troops to grieve,
And with his warrior horse ev'n there the troops to head.
As Aufidus, that rolls before
Appulian Daunus, is in scorn;
And, like the meadow's lord, augments his roar,
And meditates vastation to the fields of corn;
Thus Claudius, thro' each iron rank
Of these barbarians, forc'd renown;
And, charging first and hindmost, front and flank,
Victorious, without loss, he mow'd their armies down.
With thine advice, and prosp'rous fates —
For, on that memorable day,
When suppliant Alexandria ope'd her gates,
With nought within her courts but terror and dismay.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ed, with vast force, the iron ranks of the barbarians, and, by mowing down both van and rear, strewed the ground victorious, without slaughter on his own side. — You, in the mean time, furnishing him with forces, you giving him advice, and your own gods. For what day the submissive Alexandria opened her ports, and evacuated court, fortune prosperous to you; in the third lustrum rendered the event of the war successful, and added praise, and the desired glory, to
the

138 Q. HORATII FLACCI CARMINUM. L. 4.

Fortuna lustro prospera tertio
 Belli secundos reddidit exitus,
 Laudemque & optatum peractis
 Imperiis decus arrogavit.
 Te Cantaber non ante domabilis,
 Medusque, & Indus, te profugus Scythes
 Miratur ô tutela præfens
 Italiæ, dominæque Romæ:
 Te, fontium qui celat origines
 Nilusque, & Ister, te rapidus Tigris,
 Te belluosus qui remotis
 Obstrepit Oceanus Britannis:
 Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
 Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ:
 Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
 Compositis venerantur armis.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the commands already executed. Thee, the Cantabrian, not before tameable; and the Mede and Indian: thee, the scamp-
 ring Scythian, wonders at; O thou present safeguard of Italy
 and sovereign Rome! Thee both the Nile, which hides
 the springs of his fountain head, and the Danube; thee, the
 precipitate

Before the fifteen years ran out,
Fortune successful in the end
The glory, so long wish'd for, brought about,
And made th' imperial arms their final pow'r extend.
Cantabrians, unsubdu'd till now,
Medes, Indians, with submissive mien;
Thee the vague Scythian honour and allow,
Guard of the Latian name, and Rome the world's great
queen.
Thee Nilus, that conceals his fount,
Thee Danube, rapid Tigris fear;
Thee the swollen waves, on which such monsters mount,
'Till British cliffs, remote, the horrid bellowing hear.
The region of th' intrepid Gaul,
And all Iberia's harden'd race;
And thee, their lord, the tam'd Sicambrians call,
And, bloody, as they were, thy terms of peace embrace.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

precipitate Tigris; thee the ocean, which, full of monsters, bellows upon the distant Britons; thee the land of Gaul, not dreading death, and that of the hardy Iberia attends to; thee, the Sicambrians rejoicing in slaughter, venerate, with their arms jointly laid aside.

O D E XIV.

AUGUSTI LAUDES.

PHŒBUS volentem prælia me loqui,

Victas & urbes, increpuit, Lyrâ :

Ne parva Tyrrhenum per æquor

Vela darem. Tua Cæsar ætas

Fruges & agris retulit uberes :

Et signa nostro restituit Jovi,

Direpta Parthorum superbis

Postibus : & vacuum duellis

Janum Quirini clausit : & ordinem

Rectum, & vaganti frena licentiæ

Injectit, amovitque culpas :

Et veteres revocavit artes,

Per quas Latinum nomen & Italæ

Crevere vires, famaue, & imperi

Porrecta majestas ad ortum

Solis, ab Hesperio cubili,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Phœbus chid me, intending to rehearse battles, and subdued cities with the lyre, lest I should set my puny sails thro' the Tyrrhanian floods. O Cæsar, your age has both brought back fruitful crops to the fields, and restored the ensigns, snatched away from the proud pillars of the Parthians, to our Jupiter Capitolinus; and has shut up Romulus, his Janus
now

O D E XIV.

THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

WILLING to sing upon my lyre,
 The fights we dare, the tow'rs we scale;
 Apollo bad me check my fond desire,
 Nor on the vast Tyrrhenian spread my little sail.
 Cæsar, in this thy better age,
 Again the fertile fields have thrive;
 And from proud Parthia's fanes thy godlike rage,
 Our standards has retook, and giv'n to Roman Jove.
 And Janus' temple too is clos'd,
 Good order from the peace deriv'd;
 And curbs upon licentiousness impos'd,
 Have banish'd vice afar, and ancient arts reviv'd.
 From which the Latin name and strength
 Of Italy are so increast,
 And our imperial glory, breadth and length,
 From the sun's western bed have reach'd remotest east.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

now vacant of encounters; and has imposed regular order on licentiousness, still breaking bounds; and has excommunicated heinousness, and recalled the old arts: by which the Latin name, and Italian strength, have increased; and the renown and dignity of the empire, are extended as far as the east, even from the sun's western department. Cæsar, being the

Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor

Civilis aut vis eximet otium :

Non ira, que procudit enses,

Et miseras inimicat urbes.

Non qui profundum Danubium bibunt :

Edicta rumpent Julia : non Getæ,

Non Seres, infidive Persæ,

Non Tanaim prope flumen orti.

Nosque & profectis lucibus & sacris,

Inter jocosæ munera Liberi,

Cum prole, matronisque nostris,

Rite deos prius apprecati,

Virtute functos, more patrum, duces,

Lydis remisto carmine tibiis,

Trojamque & Anchisen, & almæ

Progeniem Veneris canemus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the guardian of our affairs, neither civil fury or rapine shall extirpate tranquillity; nor wrath, which forges swords and sets wretched states at enmity. Not those that drink the deep Danube, shall infringe the Julian statutes; not the Getans, not the Seres, or the faithless Persians; not even those born near the river Tanais. And we, both on work and holidays, amidst the munificence of mirthful Bacchus hav-

ing
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While Cæsar the dominion claims,
Nor civil rage nor active spite,
Can take us from our peace; nor wrath, whose flames
Forge hostile sounds, and states in friendship disunite.
Not those that in deep Danube lave,
Shall now the Julian edicts scorn;
Nor Getans, Seres, or the treach'rous slave
Of Persia, nor the folk upon the Tanais born.
And we on work and festal days,
Amidst our cups of jovial wine;
With wives and children (first with pray'r and praise,
Having made application to the pow'rs divine)
Will, like our fires, in songs of joy,
With many a Lydian air between,
Sing our accepted chiefs Anchises, Troy,
And those descendant heirs of love's indulgent queen.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ing first made supplication to the gods, after our usual rites, together with our issue and matrons, will celebrate in our songs, accompanied with Lydian flutes, according to our forefathers; our commanders now discharged from their valorous exploits, and Troy and Anchises, and the race of gentle Venus.

THE

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI
E P O D O N
L I B E R.

E P O D E I.
A D M Æ C E N A T E M.

*Horatius ibit cum Mæcenate proficiscente ad bellum Aëliacum
contra Antonium.*

IBIS Liburnis inter alta navium,
Amice, propugnacula,
Paratus omne Cæsaris periculum
Subire, Mæcenas, tuo.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O friend Mæcenas, you shall go with Liburnian galleys,
amidst the lofty batteries of ships of war, prepared to undergo
every danger Cæsar is liable too, at your own peril.—What
of

T H E
B O O K
O F T H E
E P O D E S O F H O R A C E.

E P O D E I.
T O M Æ C E N A S.

Horace will accompany Mæcenas, going to the Ætium expedition against Antony.

IN a small ship, my friend,
You soon your course shall bend,
To face huge vessels tow'ry-sternd;
Prepar'd to undergo
All perils of the foe,
For Cæsar, as thyself concern'd.

Vol. II.

L

Quid nos? quibus te vita sit superflite

Jucunda: si contrà, gravis:

Utrumne jussi persequemur otium

Non dulce, nì tecum simul?

An hunc laborem mente laturo, decet

Quà ferre non molles viros?

Feremus: & te vel per Alpium juga,

Inhospitalem & Caucasum,

Vel Occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum,

Forti sequemur pectore.

Roges, tuum labore quid juvem meo

Imbellis, ac firmus parum.

Comes minore, sum futurus in metu,

Qui major absentes habet:

Ut assidens implumibus pullis avis,

Serpentium alapsus timet

Majis relictis: non, ut adsit, auxili

Latura plus præsentibus.

Libenter hoc & omne militabitur

Bellum in tuæ spem gratiæ:

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

of me! to whom life is pleasant, while you are in safety; but, on the contrary, intolerable! Whether shall I, being so commanded, attend to my ease, not delightful but along with thee? or shall I go about to bear this travel, with such a presence of mind as becomes uneffeminate men to support? I will support it and thee, either thro' the ridges of the Alps and the inhospitable Caucasus, or even to the remotest bay of the western ocean, will I follow with a determined breast. Would you ask me how unsoldier-like, and weak, I can help your toil by mine? As your attendant, I shall be in less apprehension, which possesses the absent in a greater degree. As the bird, sitting by her callous brood, dreads the approaches

And what will come of me,

For life is sweet with thee,

But on the contrary severe:

What must I peace pursue,

As so enjoin'd by you,

Peace is not peace if you're not here!

Or shall I danger dare,

Altho' forbid my share

Of bold adventure in the van:

With that degree of heart,

As best beseems the part,

Of him that acts up to the man?

Yes, yes I will sustain

Each ill of land or main,

Fell Caucasus, or Alpine snows;

Far as remotest west,

With thee my manly breast,

I will to ev'ry foe oppose.

Perhaps you are to seek,

How timorous and weak,

I with my aid could help you out;

I answer, "less the fear,

"To persons that are near—

"Absence and distance heighten doubt?"

As when she leaves her young,

The serpent's forked tongue,

The bird will fear with more of dread;

Not that her presence there,

Could save her callow care,

Or stave destruction from their head.

Non ut juvenis illigata pluribus

Aratra nitantur meis:

Pecusve Calabris ante sydus fervidum

Lucana mutet pascua:

Nec ut superni villa candens Tusculi

Circæa tangat mœnia.

Satis superque me benignitas tua

Ditavit. Haud paravero

Quod aut, avarus ut Chremes, terrâ premam,

Discinctus aut perdam ut nepos.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

proaches of serpents more, they being left; not that, should she be on the spot, she could yield more assistance. Willing, both this and every other war, shall be undertaken for the hope of your favour: not that, yoked to more young steers of my own, my plough's share work; or that my cattle shift from the Calabrian to the Lucanian pastures, before the season of the scorching star: or that my neat villa should extend to the Circæan walls of the upland Tusculum: your bounty has enriched me enough, and to spare. I shall scarcely prepare what either like the covetous Chremes I may suppress in the earth, or make away with like a profligate spendthrift.

With pleasure for your sake,
 This voyage would Horace make,
 Or any journey or campaign;
 Without a view to bow,
 More steers to pull my plough,
 Upon a more extensive plain.
 Or from Calabria's mead,
 To turn my flock to feed,
 Lucania's marsh when summer reigns;
 Or spread my marble cot,
 To that ambitious spot,
 Which Circe's tittle still retains.
 Your bounty is my store,
 Enough for me, and more—
 I will not for myself provide,
 What, like a rake in caste,
 I might profusely waste,
 Or like penurious Chremes hide!

E P O D E II.

VITÆ RUSTICÆ LAUDES.

BEATUS ille, qui *procul negotiis*,

(*Ut prisca gens mortalium*).

Paterna rura, bobus exercet suis,

Solutus omni fœnore:

Neque excitatur classico miles truci,

Neque horret iratum mare:

Forumque vitat, & superba civium

Potentiorum limina.

Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine

Altas maritat populos:

Inutilesque falce ramos amputans,

Fœliciores inserit:

Aur in reductâ valle mugientium

Prospectat errantes greges:

Aur pressa puris mella condit amphoris

Aur tondet infirmas oves:

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Happy the man, that, far off from business, as the ancient race of mortals tills his father's lands with his own cattle, free of all money-concerns: he is neither roused with the dreadful trumpet in a military capacity, nor shudders at the wrathful sea: and he avoids the bar, and the proud porches of the more powerful citizens. Therefore he either marries the stately poplars to the adult vine-branches, and lopping off the superfluous boughs with his pruning-hook, he grafts in more promising ones; or sees at a distance the herds of his lowing cattle,

E P O D E H.

THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

A HAPPY man is he,
 From business far and free,
 Like mortals in the golden days;
 With steers at his command,
 To till his father's land,
 Whom int'rest neither plagues nor sways.
 Him no dread trump alarms,
 To take the soldiers arms,
 Nor need he fear the stormy main;
 The noisy bar he shuns,
 Nor to the levy runs
 Of men, whose station makes them vain.
 Wherefore he rather joins,
 The marriageable vines,
 To poplars tall in many a row;
 Or prunes each fruitless shoot,
 That springs to bear no fruit,
 And bids the happier tendrils grow.
 Or takes a distant gaze
 Of lowing herds, that graze
 As in the valley's mead they roam;
 Or steer his tender flock,
 Or in the cleanly crock,
 Lays up press'd honey from the comb.

Vel, quum decorum mitibus pomis caput

Autumnus arvis extulit,

Ut gaudet infitua decerpens pyra,

Certantem & uvam purpuræ!

Qua muneretur te Priape, & te pater

Sylvane, tutor finium.

Libet jacere, modo sub antiquâ ilice,

Modo in tenaci gramine.

Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ:

Queruntur in sylvis aves:

Fontesque lymphis obstreunt manantibus,

Somnos quod invitet leves.

At quum tonantis annus hybernus Jovis

Imbres nivæque comparat:

Aut trudit acres hinc & hinc multâ cane

Apros in obstantes plagas,

Aut amite levi rara tendit retia,

Turdis edacibus dolos:

Pavidumque leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem.

Jucunda captat præmia,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

cattle, wandering about in the sequestered valley; or hoards his honey, pressed out in pure jars; or shears his feeble sheep. Or when Autumn has reared up in the fields his head, decorated with mellow apples, how he rejoices, gathering the pears of his own grafting, and the grape contending with purple; with which, O Priapus, he may remunerate thee, and thee, old sire Sylvanus, the Protector of his borders! Sometimes it is pleasing to him to lie under an antiquated oak, sometimes on the adhesive grass; mean time the streams glide along in their deep channels, the birds are querulous in the woods, and the fountains murmur with their flowing rills, which may invite gentle sleep. But when the wintry season

But when Autumnus comes,
 With apples mild and plumbs,
 That his delightful aspect crown;
 What joy to pluck the pear,
 He grafted with such care,
 And grape of more than purple down.
 With gifts select as these,
 Priapus to appease,
 Or Sylvan, that his bounds defends;
 Now thrown beneath a bough
 Of aged oak, and now
 On matted grass his limbs extends.
 Mean while the streams beside,
 In their deep channel glide,
 And birds within the leafy glade
 Upon the branches sing,
 With bubbling fountains spring,
 The gentlest slumbers to persuade.
 But when the troubled air
 Is alter'd, to prepare
 The seasons of the snows and wet;
 With hounds on ev'ry hand,
 The wild boar is trepann'd,
 Into the interrupting net.
 Or with smooth-shaven stakes,
 A slender toil he makes,
 Where greedy thrushes are his prey;
 Or tim'rous hare is ginn'd,
 Or stranger cranes are thinn'd
 The pleasant prizes of the day.

Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,

Hæc inter obliviscitur?

Quod si pudica mulier in partem juvet

Domum atque dulces liberos:

(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus

Pernicis uxor Appuli)

Sacrum vetustis extruat lignis focum,

Lassi sub adventum viri:

Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus,

Distenta ficcet ubera:

Et horna dulci vina promens dolio,

Dapes inemptas apparet:

Non me Lucrina juverint conchyliæ,

Magisve rhombus, aut scari,

Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus

Hyems ad hoc vertat mare:

Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum:

Non attagen Ionicus

Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis

Oliva ramis arborum:

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

of the boisterous powers of the air, treasures up showers and snows, he either urges the fierce boars with many dogs, here and there, into the opposing toils; or with his polished pole spreads his thin-wove nets, as a snare for the devouring weazles; or catches the fearful hare, or that foreigner the crane in his springs, the pleasing prizes of the day. Who does not forget those evil sollicitudes which love has, amongst such diversions as these? But if a virtuous wife assist on her part about the house and delightful babes (such as the Sabine dames, or the tann'd spouse of the able Apulian) if she piles up the consecrated hearth with rotten wood upon the coming of her weary husband, and shutting up the lively cattle in the twisted

'Mong'ft joys fo sweet to thought,
 Who does not fet at nought,
 All love's anxieties and cares;
 But chiefly if a wife,
 Of chafte and virtuous life,
 Help in the family affairs.
 Such as the Sabine dames,
 Or tann'd by solar flames,
 Such as the swift Apulian's fpoufe;
 Soon as her lord returns,
 Fatigu'd with what he earns,
 On facred dearth the fire to rouse.
 And when the kine ſhe's got,
 Within the hurdled ſpot,
 She milks their ſwelling udders dry;
 And bringing this year's wine,
 From hoghead ſweet and fine,
 A gratis feaſt ſhe can ſupply.
 Not oysters fetch'd from far,
 Or turbot or the ſcar,
 If a bad wind ſo well ſhould blow;
 To ſend them from the Eaſt,
 To deck a Roman feaſt,
 And on our ſhores their ſhoals beſtow.
 Not buſtards, or the game
 Of Aſia would I claim,
 In preference my taſte to pleaſe;
 As olives, nicely choſe
 From out the ſpecial rows
 Of fitteſt and moſt healthy trees:

Aut herba lapathi præta amanti, & gravi

Malvæ salubres corpori:

Vel agna festis cæsa Terminalibus,

Vel hædus ereptus lupo.

Has inter epulas, ut juvât pastas oves

Videre properantes domum!

Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves

Collo trahentes languido:

Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,

Circum renidentes Lares!

Hæc ubi loquutus foenerator Alphius,

Jamjam futurus rusticus,

Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam:

Quærit Kalendis ponere.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

twisted hurdles, milk dry their swollen udders, and bringing wine of this year's growth out of a sweet cask, prepare sun-bright delicacies; in that case, not the Suerine oysters could give me more content, or the turbot or the scar: not the African * bird, or the † Ionic wild-fowl, can descend into my bowels more acceptable, than the olive selected from the fattest boughs of the trees, or the herb of the sorrel delighting in the meads, or mallows wholesome for a gross habit of body, or a lamb sacrificed upon the festival of Terminus, or a kid recovered from the wolf. Amidst this good cheer, how it rejoices one to see the sheep hastening home in good plight, to see the tired oxen drawing the inverted plough-share with languid neck, and the servants that swarm, and a rich family placed about the shining household gods! When Alphius the usurer, even now about to be a rustic at once, had spoken these things, he got up all his money on the Ides, and on the Calends, is in quest where he may put it out again.

* Supposed the turkey or bustard. † Supposed the woodcock.

Or sorrel, goodly weed,
That loves the verdant mead,
Or mallow sov'reign cure esteem'd;
Or lamb, which on the day
Of Terminus we slay,
Or kid just from the wolf redeem'd,
How sweet, amidst this cheer,
To see the sheep appear,
Return'd and sated to the full;
Th' inverted plough to see,
Which oxen o'er the lea,
With languid neck at leisure pull.
To see the servants swarm,
As into ranks they form,
To keep the merry house alive;
The smiling gods to bless
For all this good success,
By which they and their master thrive.
This speech when Alphius made,
That, broker of such trade,
Commencing rustic without doubt;
For all his cash he drew
Then the first wind that blew,
He chang'd his mind and put it out.

E P O D E III.

A D M Æ C E N A T E M.

*Allium detestatur, quod apud Mæcenatem ederat, cuius
estu torquebatur.*

PARENTIS olim si quis impiâ manu

Senile guttur fregerit :

Edat cicutis allium nocentius.

O dura messorum ilia.

Quid hoc veneni sævit in præcordiis?

Num viperinus hic cruor

Incoctus herbis me fefellit? an malas

Canidia tractavit dapes?

Ut Argonautas præter omnes candidum

Medea mirata est ducem,

Ignota tauris illigaturum juga,

Perunxit hoc Jasonem :

Hoc delibutis ultra donis pellicem,

Serpente fugit alite.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

If any man has formerly, with a wicked hand, broke his father's aged neck, let him be condemned to eat garlick, more destructive than hemlock. — O the hardy guts of the mowers! What poison is this that rages in my stomach? Has vipers gore boiled in with the herbs deceived me, or has Canidia had the handling of this wretched mess? When Medea admired their handsome captain more than all the other Argonauts,

E P O D E III.

T O M Æ C E N A S.

He expresses his aversion to garlic, which he eat at Mæcenas's house, and with which he was tortured in the bowels.

HAS any young profligate been so perverse,
 To slay his old grandsire in wrath;
 Why let him eat garlick (not hemlock is worse)
 What stomachs have clowns to their broth?
 O what is this poison that's burning within?
 Has venom of vipers infus'd
 Deceiv'd me! or, as the reward of my sin,
 Canidia the viands abus'd!
 Medea, beyond all the Argonaut wights,
 When she captain Jason bespoke;
 She made him take this as an unction of nights,
 Before the wild bulls cou'd be broke.
 With this she prepar'd certain presents she made,
 A desp'rate revenge in her view;
 And having Creusa to take them betray'd,
 Away on her dragon she flew.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

gonauts, she bedaubed Jason with this, as he was going to fasten the unknown yoke to the bulls: and having revenged herself on his mistress, Creusa by her gifts, prepared with this, she fled on her winged serpent. Nor ever did so great
 a fume

Nec tantus unquam syderum insedit vapor

Siticulosa Apulia:

Nec munus humeris efficacis Herculis

Inarsit astuosius,

At, si quid unquam tale occupaveris,

Jocose Mæcenæ, precor

Manum puella suavio apponat tuo,

Etremâ & in spondâ cubet.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

a fume of planetary heat, rest upon the thirsty Apulia; nor did the present of Deianira burn more intensely upon the shoulders of the effective Hercules. But, O merry Mæcenæ,

if

And having given to thee this present,
Away on her dragon the new
A gift, late received in her view,
Which this the present of certain presents the made
The wild bull could be broke
She did like this as an auction of night,
When the captain (upon her back)
Machon, beyond all the Apollonius wings
Carried the stands about
Dropt a mist of, as the reward of my life

Epod. 3. THE EPODES OF HORACE, 161

Sure ne'er on the thirsty Apulia before,
Arose such a muggy offence ;
Nor did the gift-shirt that poor Hercules wore,
Stick closer or burn more intense.
If ever such stuff you again shou'd affect,
With a trick and a jest in your head ;
May your wife, hand to mouth, your fond kisses reject,
Or lie on the post of the bed.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

If you ever should have an appetite for any such garbage for the future, I pray that your young spouse may oppose her hand to your kiss, and lie upon the extremity of the bed.

E P O D E IV.

AD VOLTEIUM MENAM.

Libertum Pompeii Magni.

LUPIS & agnis quanta sortito obigit,
 Tecum mihi discordia est,
 Ibericis peruste funibus latus,
 Et crura durâ compede.
 Licet superbus ambules pecuniâ,
 Fortuna non mutat genus.
 Videſne ſacram metiente te viam
 Cum bis ter ulnarum togâ,
 Ut ora vertat huc & huc euntium
 Liberrima indignatio?
 Sectus flagellis hic triumphalibus,
 Præconis ad faſtidium,
 Arat Falerni mille fundi jugera,
 Et Appiam mannis terit,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

As great an antipathy as by destiny happens to wolves and lambs, ſuch is there to me with regard to thee, galled as to thy ſides with Iberian cords, and as to thy legs with the hard fetter. Though proud of your money you parade along, yet ſucceſs does not change kind. Do you ſee, as you are meaſuring the * high ſtreet with a gown of twice three ells, how

* Literally the ſacred way, up which went all grand proceſſions to the capitol.

E P O D E IV.

TO VOLTEIUS MENA.

A freed man of Pompey the Great.

NOT wolves and lambs, by stronger fate
Than thou and I each other hate;
O hamper'd with th' Iberian cord!
And galling fetters of thy lord!
What tho' you strut puff'd up with pelf,
That cannot change thy servile self.
As on the sacred way you sweep,
With flowing robes full six ells deep;
Ingenuous scorn do you not trace,
In crowds that turn away their face!
"That wretch, corrected to the quick,
"Until the officer was sick;
"E'en he retains, in his own hand,—
"A thousand rood,—Falernan land;—
"And on the Appian road proceeds,
"Which he wears out with gallant steeds;

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

a most ingenuous scorn turns aside the faces of the people, going backwards and forwards? "This fellow, corrected
"with the triumvirs thongs, even to the loathing of the
"executioner, tills a thousand acres of Falernian land, and
"wears out the Appian way with his horses, and in con-
M 2 "tempt

Sedilibusque magnus in primis eques

Othone contempto sedet.

Quid attinet tot ora navium gravi

Rostrata duci pondere

Contra latrones atque servilem manum,

Hoc hoc tribuno militum?

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

" t'mpt of † Otho sits in the first seats as a grand knight,

" What does it signify that so many beaked ships, of huge

† Otho made a law, by which the seats of knights at banquets were
adjusted.

" bulk,

" And sits the first at any sight,
" In spite of Otho, as a knight.
" Wherefore so many beaks of brass,
" And heavy hulks do we amass;
" 'Gainst pyrates, and the servile band,
" With such a fellow in command!"

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

" bulk, should be launched out against pirates, and the servile band, while this, even this wretch, is a military tribune."

E P O D E V.

I N C A N I D I A M V E N E F I C A M.

AT ô deorum quicquid in cœlo regit
 Terras & humanum genus,
 Quid iste fert tumultus: aut quid omnium
 Vultus in unum me truces?
 Per liberos te, si vocata partubus
 Lucina veris affuit:
 Per hoc inane purpuræ decus precor,
 Per improbaturum hæc Jovem.
 Quid ut noverca me intueris, aut uti
 Petita ferro bellua?
 Ut hæc trementi questus ore, constitit
 Insignibus raptis puer,

P R O S E I N T E R P R E T A T I O N.

“ But oh! whichsoever of the gods directs the earth and
 “ human nature, what means this riot! and what the cruel
 “ aspect of all these witches fixed solely upon me? I implore
 “ thee by thy children (if Lucina, being called upon, was
 “ assistant at any real child-birth of yours) I implore thee by
 “ this unavailing ornament of my purple gown, by Jupiter
 “ also that must condemn this transaction, why do you eye
 “ me like a step-dame, or as a wild beast aimed at by an
 “ arrow?” As the boy made these remonstrances with a
 trembling voice, he stood with his jewels of distinction taken
 from him, a smooth body such as might mollify the barbarous
 breasts

E P O D E - V.

UPON CANIDIA THE SORCERESS.

- “ BUT oh, ye pow’rs on high,
 “ Whichever from the sky,
 “ Rul’st human nature, land and sea ;
 “ What can this horrid scene,
 “ These screams and aspects mean,
 “ All, all so sourly fix’d on me!
 “ Thee therefore I implore,
 “ If ever child you bore,
 “ Lucina present to your pray’r ;
 “ By this vain * purple vest,
 “ By Jove, who must detest,
 “ And cannot such proceedings spare !
 “ Why does your forehead low’r
 “ On me, with looks as frow’ring
 “ As step-dames on their sons-in-law ;
 “ Or like wild beasts, that feel
 “ The torment of the steel,
 “ Which from their sides they cannot draw ?”

* *The prætexta, which young noblemen wore, was ornamented with purple; for the lad here introduced is supposed to be of rank, in order to aggravate Canidia's barbarity.*

Impube corpus, quale posset impia
 Mollire Thracum pectora :
 Canidia brevibus implicata viperis
 Crines & incomptum caput,
 Jubet sepulchris caprificos erutas,
 Jubet cupressus funebres,
 Et uncta turpis ova ranæ sanguine,
 Plumamque nocturnæ strigis,
 Herbasque quas Iolcos atque Iberia
 Mittit, venenorum ferax,
 Et ossa ab ore rapta jejunæ canis,
 Flammis aduri Colchicis.
 Atque expedita Sagana, per totam domum
 Spargens avernales aquas,
 Horret capillis, ut marinus, asperis,
 Echinus, aut currens aper.
 Abacta nullâ Veja conscientia,
 Ligonibus duris humum

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

breasts of Thracians. Canidia, being infolded as to her hair and uncombed head with short vipers, commands wild fig-trees grub'd up from tombs, commands funeral cypresses, and eggs anointed with the blood of a filthy toad, and plumage of the night-owl, and those weeds which Iolchos and Iberia, fertile in poisons, exports, and bones forced from the mouth of a famished bitch, to be calcined in Colchian fires. But Sagana, with garments adjusted, sprinkling avernal waters thro' the whole house, bristles up with her dishreveled hair, like a sea-urchin or a boar in full speed. Veia, abashed by
 no

When thus, in trembling mood,
 The boy had spoke,—he stood,
 Of all his noble robes undrest;
 A tender form and smooth
 And light enough to sooth
 The fierceness of a Thracian breast.
 Canidia, with her hair
 Unkempt, as twisted there,
 The little snakes infold her head;
 Commands the bastard-fig,
 That from the graves they dig,
 And cypress sacred to the dead:
 And eggs bedaub around,
 From black toad's filthy wound,
 And plumes from owl of nightly scream;
 With drugs Iolchos sends,
 And which Iberia vends,
 Whose lands with plenteous poison teem:
 And bone, that's snatch'd in spite
 From bitch of greedy bite,
 When hungry and about to dine;
 For all these things, the dame
 Prepares a Colchan flame,
 The magic powder to combine.
 But Sagana, with gown
 Adjusted, up and down
 Is sprinkling the aternal dew;
 With hair that stands again,
 Like urchins of the main,
 Or running boar that hounds pursue.

Exhauriebat, ingemens laboribus :
 Quo possit infossus puer
 Longo die bis terve mutatae dapis
 Inemori spectaculo :
 Quum promineret ore, quantum extant aquae
 Suspensa mento corpora :
 Exsucta uti medulla, & aridum jecur,
 Amoris esset poculum :
 Interminato quum semel fixae cibo
 Intabuissent pupulae.
 Non defuisse masculae libidinis
 Ariminensem Foliam,
 Et otiosa credidit Neapolis,
 Et omne vicinum oppidum :
 Quae sidera excantata voce Thessalâ,
 Lunamque caelo deripit.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

no stings of conscience, exhausted the earth with strong spades, grunting with the labour; in which place the boy dug in, might be famished to death at the sight of food changed two or three times a day; while he projected with his head, just as much as bodies suspended up to the chin are out of the water, that his marrow sucked out, and his dried up liver, might be a love-potion; when once the pupils of his eyes, settled on prohibited meat, were consumed. That Folia of Arminium, a sorceress of masculine lust, was not wanting upon this occasion both the gossiping Naples, and every town in the neighbourhood supposed: she, who with Thessalian incantation displaces the stars charmed out of their spheres, and the moon from the sky. Here the cruel Canidia,

Veia, without controul
 Of conscience, digs a hole,
 And groans at the severe employ
 Of sharp laborious spade,
 That, when the pit was made,
 Therein confin'd the buried boy
 Might famish at the look,
 Of dainties that they cook,
 And vary thrice a day the board;—
 His body hid as far
 In earth, as swimmers are
 In streams, when to their chin they ford.
 That his exhausted pith,
 And liver dry therewith,
 For a love-potion might suffice;
 When settled on the food,
 They baffle and elude,
 The wasting pupils of his eyes.
 That Folia too did come,
 E'en from Ariminum,
 With lust of masculine excess;
 In towns both small and great,
 As well as in the prate
 Of idle Naples was the guest.
 A witch, whose magic art,
 Can make the stars to start,
 At sounds Theſſalian, from their spheres;
 And lunar orb can force,
 To quit her heav'nly course,
 When her enchanting voice she hears.

Hic irrefectum sæva dente livido
 Canidia rodens pollicem
 Quid dixit? aut quid tacuit? O rebus meis
 Non infideles arbitrae,
 Nox, & Diana, quæ silentium regis,
 Arcana quum fiunt sacra,
 Nunc nunc adeste: nunc in hostiles domos
 Iram atque numen vertite.
 Formidolosæ dum latent sylvis feræ,
 Dulci sopore languidæ,
 Senem quod omnes rideant, adulterum
 Latrent Suburanæ canes
 Nardo perunctum: quale nec perfectius
 Meæ laborarunt manus,
 Quid accidit? cur dira barbaræ minus
 Venena Medææ valent,
 Quibus superbam fugit ulta pellicem,
 Magni Creontis filiam,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Canidia, biting her unpared thumb with her green tooth;
 what said she, or what did she forbear? "O night and Di-
 " ana, by no means unfaithful witnesses of my deeds; ye
 " who command silence, when the sacred mysteries are
 " performed; now, now attend; now turn your wrath and
 " divine power against the families of our enemies: while
 " the wild beasts lie hid in the dreary woods inactive, thro'
 " their sweet repose: let the dogs of the Suburra (which
 " people of all ranks may laugh at) bay the old adulterer,
 " bed:ubed with perfumes, such as my hands never made
 " any to a greater perfection. What is the accident? Why
 " are

- Canidia then in dumps,
 Biting, with her green stumps,
 Her thumb, whose nail was never par'd;
 What said she, or what not?
 " O, conscious on the spot,
 " Of all these deeds that we have dar'd,
 " Dian and night serene,
 " That rule the silent scene,
 " What time our mystic flames burn;—
 " Now, now present your face,
 " And on each hostile place,
 " Your pow'r and your resentment turn.
 " In gloomy glades of dread,
 " While now wild beasts are sped,
 " Indulging as they sweetly doze;
 " Set all the dogs to bark,
 " At yon old lech'rous spark,
 " And to the gen'ral laugh expose.
 " With nard, bedaub'd as rich
 " As essences, the which
 " These toiling hands of mine distill;—
 " Hah! what does magic ail!
 " Why do these charms avail!
 " Less than the fell Medea's skill!

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

- " are these drugs less powerful than those of cruel Medea,
 " by the means of which she fled, having avenged herself on
 " Jason's

Quum palla, tabo munus imbutum : novam

Incendio nuptam abstulit ?

Atqui nec herba, nec latens in asperis

Radix fefellit me locis.

Indormit unctis omnium cubilibus

Oblivione pellicum,

Ah, Ah, solutus ambulat veneficæ

Scientioris carmine.

Non usitatis Vare potionibus.

(O multa fleturum caput!)

Ad me recurre : nec vocata mens tua

Maris redibit vocibus.

Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi

Fastidienti poculum.

Priusque cœlum fidet inferius mari,

Tellure porrectâ super:

Quam non amore sic meo flagres, uti

Bitumen atris ignibus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

“ Jason’s proud mistress, the daughter of the great Creon ;
 “ when the robe, that present medicated with poison, took
 “ off his new bride by its inflammatory power. Albeit, nor
 “ weed, nor root, lying hid in craggy places, ever deceived
 “ me. He sleeps, however, in the perfumed couches of
 “ all his harlots, with downright oblivion. Ah ! how he
 “ walks at large, loosened by the incantation of some
 “ mightier sorcerers ! O, Varus (a head that shortly will
 “ have enough to make it weep) thou shalt return to me, by
 “ potions never before in practice ; nor shall your under-
 “ standing

- " With which empower'd to fate
 " Her vengeance, wrath, and hate,
 " Great Creon flying she defy'd ;
 " And with her poison'd cloak,
 " Consum'd in fire and smoak,
 " Creusa, Jason's other bride.
 " Yet neither herb nor root,
 " Of magical repute,
 " Have scap'd me by their craggy site ; —
 " He sleeps in beds perfum'd,
 " By harlots thither doom'd,
 " Thoughtless of me to pass the night.
 " Ah ! ah ! he walks at large,
 " And has his free discharge,
 " Fresh from a greater wheedler's arms ;
 " Varus, I will pursue,
 " O wretch about to rue,
 " Pursue thee with unheard of charms.
 " Again, for me inclin'd,
 " You shall return, nor find
 " Your poor lost wits by Marfian spells ;
 " A greater, greater bane,
 " Of philters will I strain,
 " The more your nice disgust rebels.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

- " standing be restored to itself, tho' invoked by Marfian
 " forms. I will make ready a stronger preparation : I will
 " infuse

Sub hæc puer, jam non, ut ante, mollibus
 Lenir verbis impias;
 Sed dubius unde rumperet silentium,
 Misit Thyesteas preces.
 Venena, magnum, fas nefasque, non valent
 Convertere humanam vicem.
 Diris agam vos: dira detestatio
 Nullâ expiatur victimâ.
 Quin, ubi perire jussus expiravero,
 Nocturnus occurram furor:
 Petamque vultus umbra curvis unguibus:
 (Quæ vis deorum est manium)
 Et inquietis assidens præcordiis,
 Pavore somnos auferam.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

“ infuse a stronger cup for you, be you never so squeamish;
 “ and the heaven shall sink beneath the ocean, with earth
 “ stretched out upon it, sooner than you shall not be in-
 “ flamed with a love for me, as the pitch is consumed in the
 “ dusky flames.”—At these words the boy no more endea-
 voured to mollify the flagitious hags with soft speeches, as at
 first; but, dubious in what manner he should break silence,
 sent forth Thyestian execrations.—“ Drugs have a great
 “ effect to confound right and wrong, but cannot overturn
 “ the laws of human nature: I will pursue you with curses,
 “ and the dire execration is not atoned for by any victim.
 “ Besides, when condemned by you to death I shall have
 “ breathed my last, I will meet you as a nightly terror; and,
 “ as a ghost, I will aim at your faces with my crooked nail
 “ (which is the particular power of the gods beneath) and,
 “ sitting upon your sleepless breasts, I will deprive you of
 “ rest

- “ And sooner heav’n shall go,
 “ To place itself below
 “ The sea, with earth upon the stars;
 “ Then you shall not desire,
 “ My love with such a fire,
 “ As burns this pitch within the bars.”

At this the boy no more
 Intreated, as before,
 The impious hags with gentle tone; —
 But doubtful, where to make
 His preface, thus he spake
 The curse Thyestes well might own.

- “ Your poys’nous drugs are strong,
 “ Confounding right and wrong,
 “ Yet nature cannot be destroy’d;
 “ Such curses I will urge,
 “ No sacrifice can purge,
 “ And no atonement render void.
 “ And when I shall expire,
 “ So destin’d by your ire,
 “ I’ll be a fury in the dark;
 “ And with my crooked claws,
 “ I’ll come to maim your jaws,
 “ (Such pow’r have ghosts) with many a mark.
 “ And lying on your breast,
 “ I will deprive of rest

Vos turba viciatim hinc & hinc saxis petens
 Contundet obscenas anus.
 Post insepulta membra different lupi,
 Et Esquilinæ alites.
 Neque hoc parentes, heu mihi superstites,
 Effugerit spectaculum.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

“rest, thro’ dread. The mob, from town to town, throw-
 “ing stones at you on every side, shall knock down you
 “impure old hags.—Anon, the wolves, and Esquilian birds,
 “shall disperse your unburied members; nor shall this sight
 “be hid from my parents, alas! my survivors.”

- " Your eyes, by filling them with fear ;
 " And crowds, from town to town,
 " Shall join to knock you down,
 " Obscene old witches, far and near.
 " Your bodies after all,
 " Depriv'd of funeral,
 " Wolves and Esquilian birds shall share ;
 " Your horrors and your cries,
 " My parents ears and eyes,
 " Shall glut, surviving me their heir."

E P O D E VI.

IN CASSIUM SEVERUM.

Poetam maledicum & petulantem.

QUID immerentes hospites vexas, canis,

Ignavus adversum lupos?

Quin huc inanes, si potes, vertis minas,

Et me remorsurum petis?

Nam qualis aut Molossus, aut fulvus Lacon,

(Amica vis pastoribus)

Agam per altas aure sublatâ nives,

Quæcunque præcedit fera.

Tu, quum timendâ voce complesti nemus,

Projectum odoraris cibum.

Cave, cave: namque in malos asperrimus

Parata tollo cornua,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Dog, that art idle against the wolves, why do you harraſs harmleſs gueſts? Why do you not, if you are able, turn your ineffectual yelpings here, and attack me about to bite again? For like a maſtiſt, or dun dog of the Spartan breed, that is a powerful friend to the ſhepherds, I will hunt every wild beaſt
that

E P O D E VI.

AGAINST CASSIUS SEVERUS.

An abusive and petulant Poet.

WHY innocent visitors do you molest,
'Gainst wolves, a base mongrel, thou cur;
Come here, if you chuse it, and snarl out your best,
For the kick and the bite I confer.
For like a staunch mastiff, or guard of the sheep,
A Spartan in colour and breed;
Thro' the snows, ears erect, be they never so deep,
I will urge all wild beasts that precede.
You, when with fierce barking you fill'd all the field,
Kept smelling at bones on your plate;—
Have a care, have a care, of the weapon I wield,
For villains exasp'rate my hate.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

that shall precede me with ears erect thro' the high snows.
You smell at the meat that is thrown to you, when once you
have filled the wood with your formidable cry. Beware,
beware; for, most severe against the evil-minded, I lift up
my ready horns; in such manner as he that was scorned for

Qualis Lycambæ spretus infido gener,

Aut acer hostis Bupalus.

An, si quis atro dente me petiverit,

Inultus ut flebo puer?

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

a son-in-law by the false Lycambes, or the violent enemy to Bupalus. What, if any one assail me with virulent teeth, shall I snivel, like a boy, unrevengeed!

Epod. 6. THE EPODES OF HORACE. 183

Like him false Lycambes despis'd for a son,
Or he that made Bupalus die;
Shall I, when such mischief's by virulence done,
Do nought but be boyish and cry?

EPODE

E P O D E VII.

AD POPULUM ROMANUM.

Execratio belli civilis gesti hinc Bruto & Cassio, illinc Octaviano, M. Antonio & M. Lepido Coss.

QUO, quo scelesti ruitis? aut cur dexteris
 Aptantur enses conditi?
 Parumne campis atque Neptuno super
 Fusum est Latini sanguinis?
 Non ut superbas invidæ Carthagini
 Romanus arces ureret:
 Intactus aut Britannus ut descenderet
 Sacrâ catenatus viâ:
 Sed ut, secundum vota Parthorum, suâ
 Urbs hæc periret dexterâ.
 Neque hic lupis mos, nec fuit leonibus
 Unquam, nisi in dispar, feris.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Where, where are you hurrying, ye impious Romans! or why are your sheathed swords put again into your hands! Is there too little Latian blood spilt upon plains, and in the ocean? And this, not that the Romans might set on fire the ambitious citadel of the invidious Carthage; or that the Britons, as yet untouched, might descend by the sacred way,
 loaded

E P O D E VII.

TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

His detestation of the civil war carried on the one side by Brutus and Cassius, and on the other by Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus.

WHERE are you rushing on with impious guilt,
 And hands upon the sheathed swords again;
 Is there too little blood profusely spilt,
 Of Romans on the land and in the main?
 And this—not that our army to the ground,
 With flames invidious Carthage should deface;
 Or that unconquer'd Britons, tied and bound,
 Shou'd up the sacred hill the triumph grace.
 But that our Rome, to please the Parthian foe,
 By her own prowess shou'd be undermin'd;
 A folly neither wolves nor lions know,
 Save against beasts of a discordant kind.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

loaded with chains: but that, according to the vows of the Parthians, this state may perish by its own right-hand.—This custom nor ever was known to wolves or to lions, fierce as they are, unless to a different species. Does blind fury, or a livelier spirit, or guilt, impel you.—Give an answer.—They hold

Furor ne cæcus, an rapit vis acrior?

An culpa? responsum date.

Tacent: & ora palor albus inficit:

Mentesque percussæ stupent.

Sic est: acerba fata Romanos agunt,

Scelusque fraternæ necis:

Ut immerentis fluxit in terram Remi

Sacer nepotibus cruor.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

hold their peace,—and a white paleness discolours their aspect, and their astonished minds are in a state of stupefaction.—So it is—cruel fate, and the crime of a brother's death, act

Madness or mettle, or does vice prevail!

Give instant answer—what can be the cause!

They're silent, and their cheeks are deadly pale,

As with intense stupidity they pause.

Know then fatality severe, and dread

With conscious guilt of fratricide's our own;

E're since the blood of harmless Rhemus shed,

Was left for his descendants to atone.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

upon the Romans ever since the time when the blood of the harmless Rhemus, a curse upon his descendants, flowed upon the earth,

EPODE

E P O D E VIII.

A D MÆCENATEM.

*Præsentis voluptatem, quam percipiet ex Augusti victoriâ
adversus Antonium & Cleopatram.*

QUANDO repostum Cæcubum ad festas dapes,
Victore latus Cæsare,
Tecum sub altâ (sic Jovi gratum) domo,
Beate Mæcnas, bibam,
Sonante mistum tibiis carmen lyrâ,
Hæc Dorium, illis barbarum?
Ut nuper, actus quum freto Neptunius
Dux fugit ustis navibus,
Minatus urbi vincla, quæ detraxerat
Servis amicus perfidis.
Romanus (eheu posteri negabitis)
Emancipatus foeminæ,
Fert vallum & arma miles, & spadonibus
Servire rugosis potest;

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O happy Mæcnas, when shall I, joyful at Cæsar's victory, drink with you under your lofty roof (for so is it pleasing to Jupiter) the Cæcuban treasured up for festal banquets, the lyre sounding a tune mixed with the pipes, that, in a Dorian, these in a Phrygian measure? As not long ago, when the Neptunian chief, driven from the main, fled with his burnt vessels, after having threatened Rome with those chains, which,

E P O D E VIII.

T O M Æ C E N A S.

*He has a foretaste of that pleasure, which he shall perceive
from Augustus his victory over Antony and Cleopatra.*

WHAT day, my blest knight, in your lofty saloon,
This Cæcuban hoarded for thee;
(At Cæsar's great conquest my spirits in tune)
Shall Jove for our banquet decree?
While Doric and Phrygian concertos are play'd,
Upon the shrill pipes and the lyre;
As lately when Neptune's * sham-son was dismay'd,
And fled with his ships all a-fire.
But first he had threaten'd all Rome to subdue,
Till to the same yoke they shou'd bend
He took from the slaves to their masters untrue,
Professing himself for their friend.
Yet still cou'd a Roman, whom frail beauty charms,
(The fact may our children gainsay)
Most slavishly bear palifadoes and arms,
And e'en haggard eunuchs obey!

* Young Pompey, upon the strength of his father's naval achievements,
called himself the son of Neptune.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

which, in friendship to perfidious slaves, he had taken off
from them. The Roman soldier (alas! ye, our descendants,
will

Interque signa, turpe, militaria
 Sol aspicit conopeum.
 Ad hunc frementes verterunt bis mille equos
 Galli canentes Cæsarem :
 Hostiliumque navium portu latent
 Puppes sinistrorsum citæ.
 Io triumphæ, tu moraris aureos
 Currus, & intactas boves.
 Io triumphæ, nec Jugurthino parem
 Bello reportasti ducem,
 Neque Africano, cui super Carthaginem
 Virtus sepulchrum condidit.
 Terrâ marique victus hostis, Punico
 Lugubre mutavit sagum :
 Aut ille centum nobilem Cretam urbibus,
 Ventis iturus non suis,
 Exercitatus aut petit Syrtes Noto :
 Aut fertur incerto mari.
 Capaciores affer huc puer scyphos,
 Et Chia vina, aut Lesbica :

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

will gainsay it!) enslaved to a woman, carries pallisadoes and weapons, and endures to be obedient to shriveled eunuchs, and (shame to say) the sun beholds an Egyptian pavillon amidst the military ensigns. Murmuring at this, the Gauls turned two thousand of their horse, shouting for Cæsar; and the swift ships of the hostile navy, which were on the coast, now lie hid in the port. Hail to the triumph! you retard the golden car, and the untouched heifers! Hail to the triumph! you neither returned a chief to match Cæsar in the Jugurthine

war

Amidst all the standards (O shame to be told)
 That in gallant order arose;
 The sun a rich canopy blush'd to behold,
 With squabs for luxurious repose.
 The Gaul upon this, with two thousand fine horse,
 For Cæsar with shoutings decreed;
 And their navy's left wing, struck with dread and remorse,
 To port made the best of their speed.
 O triumph! you loiter the heifer to bring,
 You loiter to bring the gilt car;
 O triumph! you brought us Jugurtha the king,
 But Cæsar's inferior by far.
 Nor, from that long African war, did you crown
 A chief of more excellent name;
 Tho' Scipio has got him eternal renown,
 By Carthage the tomb of his fame.
 Our enemies, vanquish'd by land and by sea,
 Have strip'd their red coats from their back;
 And with the most dismal event to agree,
 Have cloath'd all their soldiers in black.
 And Antony now is a making for Crete,
 (An hundred fair cities she boasts)
 Or is on the Syrtes wind-bound with his fleet,
 Or on some strange region he coasts.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

war; nor from the African even in him, whose valour victorious over Carthage built him a monument. Our foe,
 routed

Vel, quod fluentem nauseam coerceât,

Metire nobis Cæcubum,

Cûram metumque Cæsaris rerum juvat

Dulci Lyæo solvere.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

fouted by land and sea, has changed his regimentals of scarlet for mourning; and now he either makes for Crete, ennobled by her hundred towns, about to sail with winds unfair, on the Syrtes, agitated by the south wind; or is driven upon the precarious ocean. Bring hither boy more capacious jugs, and Chian or Lesbian wine; or, what may correct this watery

Epod. 4. THE EPODES OF HORACE. 193

Bring, boy, larger glasses, with Chian replete,
Or fill'd with right Lesbian wine;
Or Cæcuban, which may this sickness defeat,
Give always good measure for mine!
For anxious concern for great Cæsar's affairs,
Which each honest citizen racks;
'Tis better with wine (as your Horace declares)
With the very best wine to relax.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

watery squeamishness, measure out the Cæcuban. It is my delight to dissipate anxiety and dread, about Cæsar's affairs, with the delectable god of wine.

E P O D E IX.

IN MÆVIUM POETAM.

Cui naufragium precatur.

MALA soluta navis exit-alite;
 Ferens olentem Mævium.
 Ut horridis utrumque verberes latus
 Auster memento fluctibus.
 Niger rudentes Eurus, inverso mari,
 Fractosque remos differat.
 Insurgat Aquilo, quantus altis montibus
 Frangit trementes ilices.
 Nec sidus atrâ nocte amicum appareat,
 Qua tristis Orion cadit,
 Quietiore nec feratur æquore,
 Quam Graja victorum manus:
 Quum Pallas usto vertit iram ab Illo
 In impiam Ajacis ratem.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

The ship that exports the foetid Mævius, goes out with unlucky auspices. O south, remember that you bandy about both sides with rough billows. May the black east, with the sea inverted, disperse the cables and broken oars. Let the north get up in as great a degree, as when he splinters the trembling oaks on the high mountains; nor let a friendly star make its appearance in the gloomy night, where the ominous Orion

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E P O D E IX.

AGAINST MÆVIUS THE POET.

Horace wishes he may be ship-wrecked.

THE ship ill-omen'd puts to sea,
 With foetid Mævius 'mongst the crew;
 Good blust'ring south remember me,
 And with rough waves her course pursue:
 And fore and aft her sides assail,
 Let east, the wind of black despair
 With floods turn'd upside down prevail,
 And oars and ropes in pieces tear.
 Let north too rage, from mountains high,
 As when the trembling oaks are rent;
 Nor friendly star a ray supply,
 Upon Orion's dread descent.
 No gentler breeze their fleet convoy,
 Than what the conq'ring Grecians knew;
 When Pallas turn'd her rage from Troy
 On Ajax, as the ruffian's due.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Orion sets: nor let him be conducted in a more peaceful sea, than the band of Grecian victors, when Pallas turned her wrath from burnt Troy to the impious vessel of Ajax. O how great a broiling presses upon your seamen, and what a wan

O quantus instat navitis sudor tuis,
 Tibique pallor luteus,
 Et illa non virilis ejulatio,
 Preces & aversum ad Jovem :
 Ionius udo quum remugiens sinus
 Noto carinam ruperit !
 Opima quod si præda curvo littore
 Porrecta mergos juveris ;
 Libidinosus immolabitur caper,
 Et agna tempestatibus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

paleness upon thyself, and that unmanly wailing and those prayers to Jupiter averse ! When the Ionian bay, bellowing with the stormy south-west, shall founder your keel ! But if extended along the winding coast, you shall regale the sea-gulls as a luxurious prey, a libidinous he-goat, and an ewe-lamb, shall be offered up to the tempests,

Epod. 9. THE EPODES OF HORACE? 197

O how your sailors toil and curse,
 What woeful paleness in your cheeks;
 What pray'rs to Jupiter averse,
 And what extreme unmanly shrieks.
 When roaring to the dark south-west,
 The shallows of th' Ionian bay
 Shall leave your mattleless deck distress'd,
 And break your very keel away.
 But if, upon the winding shore,
 Your foulness shall the gulls delight;
 With kid and lamb I will adore
 The tempests, as denouncing right.

E P O D E X.

AD PETTIUM CONTUBERNALEM.

PETTI, nihil me, sicut antea, juvat
 Scribere versiculos
 Amore perculsum gravi:
 Hic tertius December, ex quo destiti
 Inachiâ furere,
 Sylvis honorem decutit.
 Heu me, per urbem (nam pudet tanti mali)
 Fabula quanta fui!
 Conviviorum & pœnitet,
 In queis amantem & languor & silentium
 Arguit, & latere
 Petitus imo spiritus.
 Contraque lucrum nil valere candidum
 Pauperis ingenium
 Querebar, applorans tibi:
 Simul calentis inverecundus deus
 Fervidiore mero
 Arcana promorat loco,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Pettius, it nothing pleases me, as formerly, to write verses, being smitten with burthensome love. This third December has shaken the Decorations from the woods, since I ceased to be out of my senses for Inachia. Ah me! (for I am ashamed of so great a mischief) what a talk was I thro' the city! It repents me also of my revellings, at which a listlessness

E P O D E X.

TO PETTIUS, A BON-COMPANION OF HIS.

O PETTIUS, I delight no more
To scribble verses, as of yore,
With am'rous pains enslav'd;
This third December now has stole
The leaves from Sylvan, since my soul
For fair Inachia rav'd.

Ah me! for I'm aham'd of that,
How much I've fill'd the common chat,

And for their feasts I grieve;
Where listlessness and silence spoke
The lover, and such sighs I broke,
As I cou'd hardly heave.

And oft to you I wou'd complain,
How the poor man's ingenious vein,
With fortune had no share;
Soon as the frontless God of wine,
Had wrought upon this breast of mine,
To lay its secrets bare.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

listlessness and silence, and sighs brought from the bottom of my breast, demonstrated the lover. And as soon as the immodest God, with brisker wine than usual, had forced from their repository the secrets of one growing mellow, I complained, addressing my grievances to you, that the ingenuous talent of a poor man has no weight against lucre. Wherefore,

Quod si meis inæstuat præcordiis

Libera bilis, ut hæc

Ingrata ventis dividat

Fomenta, vulnus nil malum levantia:

Definet imparibus

Certare summotus pudor.

Ubi hæc severus te palam laudaveram,

Iussus abire domum,

Ferebar incerto pede

Ad non amicos (heu) mihi postes, & (heu)

Limina dura, quibus

Lumbos & infregi latus,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

if a frank indignation should boil in my breast, so as to give to the winds these irksome applications, giving no relief to the grievous wound, then false-modesty removed will leave off contending with men above my match. When I austere-ly had commended such steps as these in your presence, upon
being

But if a manly scorn prevail,
 To give these love-tricks to the gale,
 Which fan, not sooth the flame;
 Then that false shame shall be a jest,
 Of coming off the second best,
 With men of greater name.
 When thus pot-valiant and austere,
 This speech I cited in your ear—
 Advis'd to clear the coast;
 I stagger'd homewards, to attack
 My fair-one's door, and broke my back
 And ribs against the post.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

being urged to go home, I was carried with an unstable foot,
 alas! to the old posts, to me by no means favourable, and,
 alas! to the merciless porch, where I bruised my loins and my
 side.

E P O D E XI.

AD AMICOS COMICOS UT HYEMEM
HILARITER TRADUCANT.

HORRIDA tempestas cœlum contraxit, & imbres
Nivesque deducunt Jovem. Nunc mare, nunc sylvæ
Threicio Aquilone, sonant. Rapiamus amici
Occasionem de die: dumque virent genua,
Et decet, obducta solvatur fronte senectus.
Tu vina Torquato move Consule pressa meo.
Cætera mitte loqui: deus hæc fortasse benigna
Reducet in sedem vice. Nunc & Achæmenia
Perfundi nardo juvat, & fide Cyllenea
Levare diris pectora sollicitudinibus:
Nobilis ut grandi cecinit centaurus alumno,
Invicte mortalis, dea Nate puer Thetide,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

A dreadful tempest has contracted the face of the heavens, and the rains and snows bring down the atmosphere: one while the sea, at another the woods, resound with the north winds from Thrace. My friends, let us take a hint from the day, and, while our knees are youthful, and it is seemly, let an appearance of old age be banished from the clouded forehead. Do you bring forth the wine that was pressed when my Torquatus was consul. Omit to converse about other matters. Providence, perhaps, will reinstate these our affairs by an indulgent change. Now it is our pleasure, both to be bedewed with Achemenian nard, and to ease our breasts of dire anxiety, with the mercurial lyre. In such sort as the noble

E F O D E XI.

TO HIS HUMOUROUS FRIENDS, THAT THEY
WOULD PASS THE WINTER MERRILY.

THE skies with horrid tempests frown,
And even in snow and rain come down,
The woods and rough profound
Roar with the north wind, fresh from Thrace,
My friends let us the hint embrace,
And while our knees are sound
Let us in seemly sort preclude
The thought of four solicitude,—
Bring wine of Manlian date;—
All other matters we forbear,
For heav'n, perhaps, these hours of care,
With joy shall reinstate.
Now is the pleasure and the time,
With odours of the Persian clime,
Our bodies to perfume;
And with the Cyllenean lyre,
To ease our breast of horrors dire,
Lest they our frames consume.
Thus the great Centaur to his ward,
Sung lectures, "O unconquer'd lord,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

noble Centaur sung to his mighty pupil; insuperable man,
thou youth that wast born of the goddess Thetis, the land of
Assaracus

Te manet Assaraci tellus, quam frigida parvi
 Findunt Scamandri flumina, lubricus & Simois,
 Unde tibi reditum certo subtemine Parcae
 Rupere: nec mater domum carula te revehet,
 Illic omne malum Vino cantuque levato,
 Deformis ægrimonix dulcibus alloquiis,

PROSE INTERPRETATION,

Assaracus awaits thee, which the cold streams of little Scamander. and smooth-gliding Simois divide; from whence the fates have broken off your return, by a thread altogether determinate; nor shall your Carulean parent re-conduct you home. There alleviate every evil with wine, and singing, those sweet consolations of ugly melancholy,

“ Whose birth from Thetis rose ;
“ The land of Phrygia thee expects,
“ Where cool Scamander's stream directs
“ Its course, and Simois flows.
“ From whence (the fates have spun it so)
“ You shall not be allow'd to go
“ Home with your blue-ey'd queen ;
“ There thou the ills of every day,
“ With musick and with wine, allay
“ Th' alloquial charms of spleen.”

E P O D E XII.

A D M Æ C E N A T E M.

*Phrynes amore detentus Iambos promissos non potest
absolvere.*

MOLLIS inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis
Oblivionem sensibus,

Pocula Lethæos ut si ducentia somnos

Arente fauce traxerim,

Candide Mæcenas, occidis sæpe rogando.

Deus deus nam me vetat

Inceptos, olim promissum carmen, jambos

Ad umbilicum adducere.

Ureris ipse miser, quod si non pulchrior ignis

Accendit obsessam Ilion,

Gaude sorte tuâ me libertina neque uno

Contenta Phryne macerat.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O candid Mæcenas, you kill me by so often enquiring, why a soft sluggishness has diffused such a degree of oblivion on my inmost senses, as if I had drank with a thirsty throat cups that bring on Lethean sleep. For a god, a god hinders me from finishing off those Iambics I had begun, and which were verses I promised you. You are miserably inflamed yourself; but if a brighter flame did not set besieged Troy on fire, rejoice in your lot. Phryne, a freed-woman, not content with a single lover, reduces me to a skeleton.

E P O D E XII.

T O M Æ C E N A S.

Taken up with his love for Phryne, he cannot finish the promised Iambics.

WHY these lethargic fits,
 Have wrought upon my wits,
 And in oblivion sunk each sense;
 As I had drank too deep
 Of Lethe, bringing sleep
 With greediness of thirst intense.
 Mæcenas, candid knight,
 Your questions kill me quite;—
 The God of love has un-bespoke
 The strains I promis'd you,
 Nor may I them review,
 Nor give the master's final stroke.
 You too are all aflame,
 And by as bright a dame
 As fir'd the tow'rs of Troy—rejoice—
 Me Phryne, just made free,
 Wounds; tho', for more than me,
 She gives her person and her voice.

E P O D E

E P O D E XIII.

AD NEÆRAM AMICAM,

De cujus perjurio conqueritur.

NOX erat, & cælo fulgebat Luna sereno
 Inter minora sydera,
 Quum tu, magnorum numen læsura deorum,
 In verba jurabas mea.
 Arctius, atque edera procera astringitur ilex,
 Lentis adhærens brachiis :
 Dum pecori lupus, & nautis infestus Orion
 Turbaret hybernū mare,
 Intonsoſque agitareſ Apollinis aura capillos,
 Fore hunc amorem mutuum,
 O dolitura meâ multum virtute Neæra :
 Nam ſi quid in Flacco viri eſt :

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

It was night, and the moon ſhone in a clear ſky, amidſt the inferior ſtars; when you, about to profane the divinity of the almighty gods, ſwore to words of my dictating, clinging to me with your pliant arms more tightly, than the tall oak is bound by the ivy; that while the wolf was inveterate to the flock, and Orion ſo to the ſailors ſhould trouble the wintry main, and while the air ſhould play upon the unſhaven locks of Apollo, this love of ours ſhould be reciprocal. O Neæra, that art about to fret thyſelf exceedingly by my fortitude; for if there is any thing of the man in Horace, he will not bear that you ſhould give your nights to another whom you prefer, and in wrath will look out for one with equal ardour.

E P O D E XIII.

TO HIS MISTRESS NEÆRA,

Of whose perjury he makes complaint.

IT was a midnight scene,
When Luna shone serene,
And stars in lesser order trib'd;
When you, about to break
The league of Gods, didst speak
The form of words that I prescrib'd.
And round my neck you flung
Your pliant arms, and clung
With more tenacious fond embrace;
Than to the lofty oak
The ivy—while you spoke,
And vow'd your vow upon the place.
“ While wolf the lamb devours,
“ And while Orion low'rs
“ On sailors in the wintry sea;
“ And while Apello's hair,
“ Flows to the sportive air,
“ This love of ours shou'd mutual be!”
O nymph about to pine,
For these resolves of mine;
For if my manhood yet remain,
I will no rival bear,
Neæra's bed to share,
But love shall seek for love again.

Non feret assiduas potiori te dare noctes,

Et quæret iratus parem.

Nec semel offensæ cedit constantia formæ,

Si certus intrarit dolor.

At tu, quicumque es foelicior, atque meo nunc

Superbus incedis malo,

Sis pecore & multâ dives tellure licebit,

Tibique Pactolus fluat,

Nec te Pythagoræ fallant arcana renati,

Formæque vincas Nirea;

Eheu translatos alio mœrebis amores.

Ast ego vicissim risero.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ardour. Nor will the constancy of his person, once offended, recede, if a determinate grief has ever entered his heart. But you, whoever thou art, more fortunate, and now proudly strut by my mishap; tho' you be wealthy in flock and much land, and Pactolus flow in gold for you; nor the secrets of Pythagoras turned over and over again deceive you, and you beat Nireus in beauty; alas! you shall lament her amours made over to another; but I shall deride in my turn.

Epod. 13. THE EPODES OF HORACE. 211

Nor will I re-commence
With her, who gave offence;
My flame with any new desire;
When once the rankling smart,
Has settled in my heart,
And fix'd me in determin'd ire.
But you, whoe'er you are,
Of more propitious star,
That struts triumphant o'er my woe;
Tho' rich in land and stock,
And by your feeding flock,
For thee in gold Pactolus flow.
Tho' thou canst con each page,
Of that transmuted sage,
Than Nireus handsomer appear;
Yet thou shalt soon lament,
A similar event,
And I in turn shall laugh and sneer.

E P O D E XIV.

AD POPULUM ROM.

*Commiseratio est reipublicæ propter civilia bella.***ALTERA** jam teritur bellis civilibus ætas:

Suis & ipsa Roma viribus ruit.

Quam neque finitimi valuerunt perdere Marſi,

Minacis aut Etruſcæ Porſenæ manus,

Æmula nec virtus Capuæ, nec Spartacus acer,

Noviſque rebus infidelis Allobrox,

Nec fera cæruleâ domuit Germania pube,

Parentibusque abominatus Annibal:

Impia perdemus devoti ſanguinis ætas:

Ferisſque ruruſ occupabitur ſolum.

Barbarus heu cineres inſiſtet victor, & urbem

Eques ſonante verberabit ungula:

Quæque carent ventis & ſolibus, oſſa Quirini

(Nefas videre) diſſipabit inſolens.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Another age is now worn away by civil wars, and Rome itſelf is ruined by her own force; whom neither the neighbouring Marſians could deſtroy, nor the Etrurian band of the threatening Porſena, nor the emulous bravery of Capua, or the active Spartacus, and the faithleſs Gauls with their innovations; nor did the ſavage Germany tame her with her blue-ey'd youth, and Hannibal abominated by Roman parents; we ourſelves, an impious age, ſprung from an accuſed ſeed, ſhall deſtroy her, and the ground ſhe ſtands upon

E P O D E XIV.

TO THE PEOPLE OF ROME.

*His commiseration with the Republic on account of the
civil wars.*

ANOTHER age our civil wars compleat,
And Rome is ruin'd by her own strong hand;
Whom nor the neighb'ring Marfians cou'd defeat,
Nor threat'ning Porsena's Etruscan band.
Nor Spartacus, nor Capua's rival boasts,
Nor innovating Allobrox cou'd worst;
Nor rough Germania, with her blue-ey'd hosts,
Nor Hannibal by Roman parents curst.
But we destroy her, the vile race she bred,
And beasts again shall seize upon the ground;
Barbarian chiefs shall on her ashes tread,
And with their horses hoofs her streets shall sound.
And Romulus his bones (dread sight to see!)
They shall disperse now kept from wind and sun;
Perhaps you all, or a majority,
Wou'd learn which way this dire distress to shun.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

upon shall again be seized by wild beasts. The barbarian conqueror, alas! shall tread her ashes under foot, and the horsemen shall strike the streets of the city with the sounding hoofs, and (what is an horror to see) shall insolently scatter the bones of Romulus, which now are free from wind

Forte, quid expediat, communiter, aut melior pars
 Malis carere quæritis laboribus.
 Nulla sit hac potior sententia : (Phocæorum
 Velut profugit execrata civitas :
 Agros atque lares proprios, habitandaque fana
 Apris reliquit & rapacibus lupis :)
 Ire, pedes quocunque ferent, quocunque per undas
 Notus vocabit, aut protervus Africus.
 Sic placet? an melius quis habet suadere? secundâ
 Ratem occupare quid moramur alite?
 Sed juremus in hæc : simul imis saxa renarint
 Vadis levata, ne redire sit nefas :
 Neu conversâ domum pigeat dare lintea, quando
 Padus Matina laverit cacumina :
 In mare seu celsus procurrerit Apenninus :
 Novâque monstra junxerit libidine
 Mirus amor : juvet ut tigres subsidere cervis,
 Adulteretur & columba milvio :
 Credula nec flavos timeant armenta leones
 Ametque falsa levis hircus æquora.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

and fun. Paradvantage you in general, or the most part of
 you, seek what means may be necessary to get rid of your
 civil troubles. There can be no resolution preferable to this—
 to go wherever our feet shall support us, wherever the south,
 or vexatious south-west shall call us thro' the billows. Just
 as the execrating state of the Phœceans went away, and left
 their lands, and country Gods, and temples to be inhabited
 by bears and rapacious wolves. Does it please you so? or
 has any one a better thing to persuade? Why do we loiter?
 Lay hold on the first ship with propitious auspices: but first
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No better scheme than those Phoceans chose,
 And execrating did their place forsake;
 And left fields, houses, temples for their foes,
 And for the bears or rav'nous wolves to take.
 To go where'er our feet, where'r the wind
 Or south or rude south-west shall us convey;
 Can any a more apt expedient find,
 The voyage looks fair, why do we yet delay?
 But let us first to these conditions swear,
 That stones shall swim emerging from the deep;
 Or Po, ere any to return shall dare,
 Matinian summits in his streams shall steep.
 And to the main high Apennine remove,
 And join new monsters in the lustful fit;
 Until the kite adulterate the dove,
 And to the stags the tigresses submit.
 Nor tawny lion the weak flocks elude,
 And shaven goats in the salt wave delight;
 This, and whate'er assertion may preclude,
 Our sweet return let us, all Rome, recite.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

let us make oath to these asseverations: the stones shall swim back, raised up from the bottom of the shallows, unless it be not deemed impious to return; nor let it repent us to hoist our sails homewards, when the Po shall lave the summits of the Matinian mountains, or the high Apennine shall run out into the main, or an unaccountable lust shall join monsters by an unheard of appetite; so that it may delight tigers to submit to stags, and the dove may be adulterated with the kite, and the credulous herds may not fear the dun lions, and the he-goat, deprived of his beard, may be fond of the salt waters.

Hæc, & quæ poterunt reditus abscindere dulces,
 Eamus omnis execrata civitas :
 Aut pars indocili melior grege, mollis & expes
 Inominata perprimat cubilia.
 Vos, quibus est virtus, muliebrem tollite luctum
 Etrusca præter & volate littora.
 Nos manet Oceanus circumvagus : arva, beata
 Petamus arva, divitis & insulas :
 Reddit ubi Cererem tellus inarata quotannis,
 Et imputata floret usque vinea :
 Germinat & nunquam fallentis termes olivæ :
 Suamque pulla ficus ornat arborem :
 Mella cavâ manant ex ilice : montibus altis
 Levis crepante lympa defilit pede.
 Illic injussæ veniunt ad mulctra capellæ :
 Refertque tenta grex amicus ubera :
 Nec vespertinus circumgemit ursus ovile,
 Nec intumescit alta viperis humus :
 Pluraque felices mirabimur : ut neque largis
 Aquosus Eurus arvæ radat imbribus,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

waters. After having bound ourselves by a curse to these conditions, and whatever else may cut off the idea of pleasure in returning, let us depart the whole city of us, or that part which is better than the untaught herd ; but let the effeminate and hopeless stay to press their ill-omen'd couches. Ye, to whom there is actual resolution, away with womanish grief, and fly beyond the Etrurian shores. The circumfluent ocean awaits us : let us hie to the fields, the blessed fields and wealthy islands, where the ground uncultivated yearly brings forth

All go, — at least the more ingenuous part,
 The soft and hopeless on their couches lie;—
 But cease effeminate grief each noble heart,
 And fly the Tuscan shores, set sail and fly.
 Circumfluent ocean waits us, — steer the fleet
 To plains, the happy plains and blessed isle;
 Where earth untill'd each year supplies the wheat,
 And undrest vine-trees wear a lasting smile.
 Her bud the never-failing olive fills,
 And the black figs their native branches grace;—
 From hollow oaks flows honey, — and the rills
 Down lofty mountains leap with tinkling pace.
 She-goats, unbidden, seek the milk-pail there,
 And kindly flocks, full-udder'd, homeward speed;
 Nor round the sheep-coat growls the ev'ning bear,
 Nor adders lurk beneath th' unshaven mead!
 And still on stronger beauties shall we gaze,
 How the dank east nor lays the bearded ears;
 Nor the fat glebe is burnt by torrid rays,
 Earth temper'd by the sov'reign of the spheres.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

forth corn, and the undrest'd vineyard perpetually flourishes: and the branch of the olive, never deceitful, buds out, and the black fig decorates its own trees: honey flows out of the hollow oak: and the rill leaps lightly down from the lofty mountains, by tinkling steps.—There the she-goats, without bidding, come to the milk-pails, and the kindly flocks return home with their udders distended; nor does the evening bear growl about the sheep-cote; nor does the high-grass'd ground swell with vipers—and many more things shall
 we

Pingua nec siccis urantur semina glebis :

Utrumque rege temperante cœlitum.

Non huc Argoo contendit remige pinus :

Neque impudica Colchis intulit pedem :

Non huc Sidonii torserunt cornua nautæ,

Laboriosa nec cohors Ulyssæi.

Nulla nocent pecori contagia, nullis astri

Gregem æstuosa torret impotentia,

Jupiter illa piæ secrevit littora genti,

Ut inquinavit ære tempus aureum :

Ære, dehinc ferro duravit sæcula : quorum

Piis secunda, vate me, data fuga.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

we admire in this state of happiness—how neither the showery east lays the corn-fields with immoderate rains, nor is the fruitful seed burnt up by the dryness of the soil—the sovereign of the celestial powers adjusting both extremes. The first vessel made of the pine, never came here with its Argoon rowers, nor did the impudent Medea of Colchos set a foot here; the Sidonian sailors never tacked about to this place,

This place the vessel Argo ne'er found out,
 Nor impudent Medea ever knew;
 Nor here Sidonian sailors tack'd about,
 Nor here Laertes son's laborious crew.
 No murrain hurts the cattle, nor by heat
 Of starry influence are the flocks destroy'd;
 Jove did these stores for pious souls secrete,
 When he the golden age with brass alloy'd.
 The golden age he first alloy'd with brass,
 With iron next he made the times more hard;
 Whence, for good Romans, there shall come to pass
 A sure escape, if Horace be a bard.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

place, nor the laborious crew of Ulysses. No murrain hurts the flocks, nor does the intense heat of any star scorch the herd. Jupiter reserved these coasts for a pious people, when he allayed the golden times with brass; with brass first, then with iron, he harden'd the ages; from which a fortunate escape shall be given to the good, if I am a prophet.

E P O D E XV.

A D C A N I D I A M.

*Petit eam ut sibi ignoscat, cuius se veneficiis superatum
sinit.*

JAM jam efficaci do manus scientiæ,
Supplex, & oro regna per Proserpinæ,
Per & Dianæ non movenda numina,
Per atque libros carminum valentium
Refixa cœlo devocare sydera:
Canidia parce vocibus tandem sacris,
Citumque retro solve, solve turbinem.
Movit nepotem Telephus Nereium,
In quem superbus ordinarat agmina
Myserum, & in quem tela acuta torserat.
Unxere matres liæ addictum feris
Alitibus atque canibus homicidam Hectorem,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

At length I give it up to the efficacy of science; and suppliant intreat you, by the reign of Proserpine, and by the deity of Diana, not to be appeased; and by the volumes of magical charms of power to call down the stars unsphered from the skies; O, Canidia, at last leave off your cursed invocations, and swiftly turn, turn back your conjuring wheel. Telephus wrought to compassion the grandson of

E P O D E XV.

T O C A N I D I A.

He begs of her that she would forgive him, and feigns himself to be over-powered by her magic.

AT length to scientific charms
I yield, whose force my heart alarms,
And suppliant pray thee by the reign
Of Proserpine and Dian's fane,
Whose pow'r's inexorably fierce,
And by the books of magic verse,
That make the very stars descend
From heav'n, and cite them to attend.—
No more in cursed mumblings deal,
But backward turn th' electric wheel;
The son of Thetis, when implor'd
By Telephus, the man restor'd;
Tho' he with darts oppos'd his way,
And set his Mysians in array.
The corse of Hector meant a feast,
For dogs and ev'ry bird and beast;

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Nereus (Achilles) against whom, in pride, he had drawn up
the bands of his Mysians, and against whom he whirled
his

Postquam relictis mœnibus rex procidit
 (Heu) pervicacis ad pedes Achillei.
 Setosa duris exuere pœllibus
 Laboriosi remiges Ulyssæi
 Volente Circe membra: tunc mens & sonus
 Relatus, atque notus in vultus honor.
 Dedi fatis superque pœnarum tibi,
 Amata nautis multum & institoribus:
 Fugit juvenas, & verecundus color
 Reliquit ossa pelle amicta lurida:
 Tuis capillus albus est odoribus.
 Nullum a labore me reclinat otium:
 Urget diem nox, & dies noctem. Neque est
 Levare tenta spiritu præcordia.
 Ergo negatum, vincor, ut credam miser,
 Sabella pectus increpare carmina,
 Caputque Marsa dissilire nœniâ.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

his pointed javelins. The Trojan matrons wept over the
 corse of that man-killer Hector, which had been given over
 as a prey to ravenous birds and dogs, after the king (the walls
 of the city being left by him) alas! threw himself at the feet
 of Achilles, before inexorable: the rowers of the toiling
 Ulysses put off their limbs, bristled with rough skins of swine;
 Circe so willing it: then their understanding and speech were
 restored, and the usual goodness to their aspects. I have
 been punished enough, and to spare, by your rigour; O ex-
 ceedingly beloved, by the seamen and factors! My youthful
 bloom is fled, and my ruddy colour has left me, my bones
 being clothed with a ghastly skin. My hair is turned white
 with your unctions. No intermission puts me to repose from
 my

The Trojan matrons cou'd acquire,
 For unction and the fun'ral pyre ;
 When Priam went, and (hard to tell !)
 Before the stern Achilles fell ;
 The crew of * that laborious sage,
 Cou'd from their bodies disengage
 The bristles of the filthy swine,
 Soon as sooth'd Circe gave the sign ;
 At which their voice and mind, and hue
 She did recover and renew :
 O lov'd by tars and factors, sure
 Enough thou'lt giv'n me to endure ;
 My youthful strength and colour's flown,
 With ghastly skin on ev'ry bone ;
 My hair is with your unguents hoar,
 My ceaseless toils are more and more ;
 Day urges night and night the day,
 Nor can my gasping vitals play ;
 Wherefore I wretched have comply'd,
 To own what I before deny'd ;
 That Sabine charms the breast can pain,
 And Marſian dirges ſplit the brain ;

* *Ulyſſes.*

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

my ſufferings : night comes on upon day, and day upon night ;
 nor is it practicable to relieve my lungs, difficult in breathing.
 Wherefore, wretch that you have made me, I am forced
 to believe that which was denied, that Sabellian charms di-
 ſturb

Quid amplius vis? O mare & terra, ardeo,
 Quantum neque atro delibutus Hercules
 Nessi cruore, nec Sicana fervida
 Furens in Ætna flamma. Tu, donec cinis
 Injuriolis aridus ventis ferar,
 Cales venenis officinâ Colchicis.
 Quæ finis? aut quod me manet stipendium?
 Effare: jussas cum fide pœnas luam:
 Paratus expiare, seu poposceris
 Centum juvencos: seu mendaci lyrâ
 Voles sonari, tu pudica, tu proba
 Perambulabis astra sydus aureum.
 Infamis Helenæ Castor offensus vice,
 Fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece
 Adempta vati reddidere lumina.
 Et tu (potes nam) solve me dementia,
 O nec paternis obsoleta sordibus,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

sturb the breasts, and that the head is split by the Marston
 dirge. What would you have further? O sea, O earth, I am
 on fire; inasmuch, as neither Hercules who was anointed with
 the black blood of Nessus, nor the intense flame raging in
 Sicilian Etna. However, thou, that art thyself a shop of
 Colchian drugs, continue burning, till I, reduced to a dry
 ash, may be dispersed by the oppressive winds. What issue!
 or what tax await me? Speak out. I will upon command
 faithfully pay the charges, prepared to expiate, whether you
 shall require it, with an hundred younglings; or you are in-
 clined to be resounded upon the lying lyre. Thou being
 chaste, and thou being good, shall range along the stars as a
 golden planet. Castor, and the brother of the noble Castor,
 tho'

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V

What wou'd you more, O earth and sea,
 I burn to a more fierce degree
 Than Hercules, what time he wore
 The shirt besmear'd with Nessus' gore;
 More fierce than those Sicilian fires,
 Whose wrath from Etna still aspires:
 For you your Colchian flames prepare,
 Till, burnt to ash, I float in air.
 What costs? What issue have you plann'd?
 Speak out, I'll answer your demand,
 Ready to give whate'er you chuse—
 An hundred oxen, or my muse,
 If on the lying lyre you please,
 To hear such compliments as these.
 " You, chaste and good, shall set and rise,
 " With golden stars that range the skies:"
 Castor and he, the other twin,
 Tho' wroth about their sister's sin,
 O'ercome by pray'r, restor'd the light
 To † him they had depriv'd of sight:
 And thou (for you can do the feat)
 Loose me from this delirious heat.

† *Stesichorus, who had defamed Helen with scandalous verses, was deprived of sight; but afterwards restored, by the divine power of Castor and Pollux.*

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

tho' offended in the behalf of Helen's infamy, overcome by prayer, restored the eyes that they had taken away, to the poet. And thou (for thou canst) loose me from this deliriousness.

Nec in sepulchris pauperum prudens anus

Novendiales dissipare pulveres.

Tibi hospitale pectus, & puræ manus :

Tuusque venter partumejus : & tuo

Cruore rubros obstetrix pannos lavit,

Utcunque fortis exilis puerpera.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

ousness. O neither vile by paternal meanness, nor art an expert old hag to scatter the ashes of the poor people nine days buried. You have an hospitable heart and clean hands, and your womb is fruitful; and whenever you are brought to bed, you rise up with strength unimpaired by child-bearing.

Epod. 13. THE EPODES OF HORACE. 227

O thou ne'er stain'd by parents mean,
And clear of the sepulchral scene;
A prudent woman, that will spare
The nine-days-buried ashes there;
You have an hospitable heart,
Pure hands—can do a mother's part;
And tho' you shou'd be brought to bed,
Preserve your strength, your *white* and *red*.

E P O D E XVI.

CANIDIÆ RESPONSIO,

*Quâ ostendit, se nullis precibus exorari posse, quoniam sua
veneficia divulgaverat Poeta.*

QUID obseratis auribus fundis preces?
Non saxa nudis surdiora navitis
Neptūnus alto tundit Hybernus salo,
Inultus ut tu riseris Cotyttia
Vulgata, sacrum liberi Cupidinis?
Et Esquilini Pontifex venefici
Impune ut urbem nomine impleris meo?
Quid proderit ditasse Pelignas anus,
Velociusve miscuisse toxicum,
Si tardiora fata te votis manent?
Ingrata misero vita ducenda est, in hoc,
Novis ut usque suppetas doloribus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

Why do you pour out your prayers to ears that are blocked up against them? Neptune, at the season of winter, in a high sea, does not beat rocks more deaf to the naked sailors. What shall you with impunity laugh at the Cotyttian ceremonies, divulged by you, tho' sacred to promiscuous love; and as pontiff of our Esquilian enchantments, fill the city with my name? What will it profit me to have enriched the Pelignian
old

E P O D E XVI.

CANIDIA'S ANSWER,

In which she shews that she cannot be pacified by any intreaties, because the poet has made her magical proceedings public.

WHY sue your pray'rs to her that mocks,
 With listless ears not beaten rocks;
 Where waves the wint'ry Neptune throws,
 More deaf attend the sailor's woes.
 What, unreveng'd, Coryttian rites,
 Which, sacred to luxurious nights,
 Do all free intercourse indulge,
 Shall you deride and you divulge;
 And with my name the city fill,
 As priest of our Esquilian STILL?
 What profit, that Pelignian dames
 Are richer from my chymic flames;
 And that quick poison I contrive,
 If thou'rt against my wish alive?

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

old witches, and to have compounded a poison of quicker effect, if a destiny too tedious for my wishes await you? A disgusting

Optat quietem Pelopis in fidus pater,
 Egens benignæ Tantalus semper dapis :
 Optat Prometheus obligatus aliti :
 Optat supremo collocare Sisyphus
 In monte saxum : sed vetant leges Jovis,
 Voles modo altis defilire turribus,
 Modo ense pectus Norrico recludere,
 Frustraque vincla gutturi innectes tuo,
 Fastidiosa tristis ægrimoniâ,
 Vectabor humeris tunc ego inimicis eques :
 Meæque terra cedit insolentiæ.
 An, quæ movere cereas imagines,
 Ut ipse nosti, curiosus, & polo
 Deripere Lunam vocibus possum meis :
 Possum crematos excitare mortuos,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

disgusting life shall be prolonged by you in a state of wretchedness, to the end that you may always be equal to the new pains. Tantalus, the father of the false Pelops, always indigent of the sumptuous banquet that is before him, wishes for respite : Prometheus, bound to the vultur, wishes for the same : Sisyphus wishes to fix the stone upon the top of the mountain ; but the penal laws of Jupiter forbid. Thou shalt be inclined at one time to leap down from lofty towers, at another to lay open your breast with the Noric blade ; and melancholy, with your capricious ailment, in vain shall tye ropes to your neck. Then I will be carried, riding upon your

An irksome life thou shalt retain,
 For fresh and for perpetual pain.
 Still pining at the dainty meats,
 For ease false Tantalus intreats ;
 Prometheus, whom the vultur gnaws,
 Wou'd also have his torments pause ;
 His stone too Sisyphus wou'd prize,
 Up the high hill ; but Jove denies ;
 To leap from tow'rs on earth beneath,
 Or in your breast the sword to sheathe.
 Now will you wish, and now will try,
 The rope about your neck to tye ;—
 All this thou shalt attempt in vain,
 Thro' tedious grief and sour disdain ;—
 Mean time I'll on your shoulder ride,
 'Till earth shall scarce support my pride :
 Shall I (as you who pry'd can prove)
 Who make the waxen statues move ;
 • The moon can draw from out her course,
 By words of sympathetic force ;

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

your hostile shoulders, and the earth shall give way to my
 insolence. What shall I, that can actuate waxen figures (as
 you yourself, by means of your curiosity, know) and hurry

Defiderique temperare poculum :
 Plorem artis in te nil habentis exitum,

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

the moon from the pole by my incantations, that can re-
 vive the dead after they are burnt, and mix up the love-
 potion ; shall I deplore the result of my arts, availing no-
 thing with regard to thee ?

Epod. 15. THE EPODES OF HORACE. 233

Can raise burnt bodies out of Styx,
And in the cup love-potions mix;
Shall I my fruitless art bemoan,
Without effect on Thee alone?

EPODE

CARMEN SÆCULARE,

Pro imperii Romani incolumitate.

PHŒBE, sylvarumque potens Diana,
 Lucidum cœli decus, ô colendi
 Semper, & culti; date, quæ precamur
 Tempore sacro:

Quo Sibyllini monuere versus,
 Virgines lætās, puerosque castos;
 Diis, quibus septem placuere colles,
 Dicere carmen.

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
 Promis & celas, aliisque & idem
 Nasceris; possis nihil urbe Româ
 Visere majus.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

O Phœbus, and Diana, potentate of the woods, the lucid ornament of the heavens; O ever adorable and ever adored, grant the things we pray for at this solemn occasion; on which the Sybilline verses have admonished that the chosen virgins, and sober youths should sing an ode to the divinities, to whom the seven hills of Rome are pleasing. O fostering sun, who in your elegant car draw forth and cancel the day,
 and

THE SECULAR ODE,

For the safety of the Roman empire.

PHŒBUS and Dian, queen of bow'rs,
Bright grace of Heav'n, the things we pray;
O most adorable of pow'rs,
And still by adoration ours,
Grant us this sacred day.

At which the Sybils in their song,
Ingenuous youths and virgins warn;
Selected from the vulgar throng,
The gods, to whom sev'n hills belong,
With verses to adorn.

O soft'ring god, whose fall or flame,
Can hide the day or re-illumine;
Which com'ft another and the same,
May'ft thou see nothing like the same,
And magnitude of Rome!

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

and rise another and the same, may you never be able to visit
any object greater than the city of Rome! O Iliथा, gentle
to

Rite maturos aperire partus
 Lenis Ilithyia, tuere matres :
 Sive tu Lucina probas vocari,
 Seu genitalis.

Diva, producas sobolem : patrumque
 Prosperes decreta super jugandis
 Fœminis, prolisque novæ feraci
 Lege maritâ :

Certus undenos decies per annos
 Orbis & cantus referatque ludos,
 Ter die claro, totiesque gratâ,
 Nocte frequentes.

Vosque veraces cecinisse Parcæ,
 Quod semel dictum est, stabilisque rerum
 Terminus fervet, bona jam peractis
 Jungite fata.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

to open the mature births, defend the Roman mothers, whether you approve to be called Lucina, or genial goddess. O goddess, therefore, forward our issue, and propitiate the decrees of the fathers concerning the coupling of women, and the marriage act, fruitful with a fresh offspring. That the determinate revolution of an hundred and ten years, may restore the odes, and the other festivities, three times by clear day-light ; and as often, in the agreeable night, frequent (or frequented).—And you, ye deities, found fruitful in
 having

And thou, to whom the pray'r's preferr'd,
 The matrons in their throes to ease;
 O let our vows in time be heard,
 Whether Lucina be the word,
 Or genial goddess please.

Make fruitful ev'ry nuptial bed,
 And bless the conscript father's scheme,
 Enjoining bloomy maids to wed,
 And let the marriage-bill be sped,
 With a new race to teem.

That years elev'n times ten come round,
 These sports and songs of grave delight;
 Thrice by bright day-light may refund,
 And where the thickest crouds abound,
 Thrice in the welcome night.

And you, ye destinies, sincere
 To sing what good our realm awaits;
 Let peace establish'd persevere,
 And add to them, which now appear,
 Still hope of better fates.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

having sung, aforehand, what was once spoken, and what may a settled order of things preserve! Add, now happy fates, to those that are over. Let the earth, fruitful in corn and

Fertilis frugum pecorisque tellus

Spiceâ donet Cererem coronâ :

Nutrient foetus & aquæ salubres;

Et Jovis auræ,

Condito mitis placidusque telo

Supplices audi pueros Apollo :

Syderum regina bicornis audi

Luna puellas.

Roma si vestrum est opus, Iliæque

Littus Etruscum tenuere turmæ,

Iussa pars mutare lares & urbem

Sospite cursu :

Cui per ardentem sine fraude Trojam

Castus Æneas patriæ superstes

Liberum munivit iter, daturus

Plura relictis :

Dii probos mores docili juventæ,

Dii senectuti placidæ quietem,

Romulæ genti date remque prolemque

Et decus omne.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

and flocks, present Ceres with a wheaten crown : may both healthy showers, and the air of Jove, nourish our younglings ! Apollo, gentle and pleasant, with your sheathed darts, attend to the suppliant boys : O Luna, hoined queen of the constellations attend to the damsels. If Rome be your

Let fertile earth, for flocks and fruit,

Greet Ceres with a wheaten crown;

And ev'ry youngling, sprout, and shoot,

Let Jove with air attemper'd suit,

While wholesome rains come down.

Serene, as when your darts your breathe,

Phœbus, the suppliant youths befriend;

And all the vows the virgins breathe,

Up to thy crescent from beneath,

Thou, queen of stars, attend.

If Rome be yours, and if a band

Of Trojans safely came by sea;

To coast upon th' Etrurian strand,

And change their city and their land,

By your supreme decree.

For whom, unhurt, thro' burning Troy

The chaste Æneas way cou'd find;

He whom the foes could not destroy,

But liv'd to make his friends enjoy,

More than they left behind.

—Ye gods, our youth in morals train,

With sweet repose old age solace;

On Rome, in general, O rain

All circumstance, increase, and gain,

Each glory and each grace.

Quique vos bobus veneratur albis
 Clarus Anchisæ Venerisque sanguis,
 Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
 Lenis in hostem.

Jam mari terræque manus potentes
 Medus Albanasque timet secures :
 Jam Scythæ responsa petunt, superbi
 Nuper, & Indi.

Jam fides, & pax, & honor, pudorque
 Priscus, & neglecta redire virtus
 Audet : apparetque beata pleno
 Copia cornu.

Augur & fulgente decorus arcu
 Phœbus, acceptusque novem Camœnis,
 Qui salutari levat arte fessos
 Corporis artus :

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

work, and the Trojan troops possessed themselves of the Etrurian shore; that is, such a portion of them as was enjoined to shift their houses and city, by a safe course: for whom the chaste Æneas, overliving his country, fortified a free passage, clear of treachery, thro' Troy on fire, about to give more abundant things than what they left behind. O ye heavenly powers, preserve old age its due repose, to the Roman people (collectively considered) grant circumstances, and issue, and every kind of glory. And may he, the noble progeny of Venus and Bacchus, who venerates you with white steers, have the command, by being superior to the enemy at war, and by being mild to him in a state of prostration.

And he whose beeves were milky white,
 When to your shrine his pray'rs appeal'd;
 Of Venus and Anchises hight,
 O let him reign supreme in fight,
 But mild to them that yield.

By sea and land, the Parthians now
 Our arms and ax with dread review;
 For terms of peace the Scythians bow,
 And, lately arrogant of brow,
 To us the Indians sue.

Now public faith and honour dare,
 With ancient modesty and peace;
 To shew their heads, and virtue rare,
 And she that's wont her horn to bear,
 With plentiful increase.

The archer with his shining bow,
 The seer that wins each muse's heart,
 Phœbus, who respite can bestow,
 To limbs in weakness and in woe,
 By his salubrious art.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

tion. Now the Mede is afraid of our forces, dreadful by sea and land, and dreads the Roman axes; now the Scythians sue for our replications, and the Indians, lately so haughty. Now public faith, and peace, and honour, and ancient prudence, and neglected virtue, dare to return; and blessed abundance appears with a full horn. Phœbus, the augur,

Si Palatinas videt æquas arces,
 Remque Romanam, Latiumque felix,
 Alterum in lustrum, meliusque semper
 Proroget ævum.

Quæque Aventinum tenet Algidumque
 Quindecim Diana preces virorum
 Curet, & votis puerorum amicas
 Applicet aures.

Hæc Jovem sentire deosque cunctos,
 Spem bonam certamque domum reporto;
 Doctus & Phœbi chorus & Dianæ
 Dicere laudes.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

and adorned with his refulgent bow, and accepted by the nine muses, who, by his salubrious Art. still alleviates the lassitude of our bodily limbs; if he, impartial, review his own Palatine towers, may he extend the Roman affairs, and the happy Italy, to another lustrum, and an ever improving age. And may Diana, who holds mount Aventine and Algidus, attend to the prayers of the Quindecimviri; and apply a friendly ear to the vows of the boys. I, the chorus, that was in-

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Epod. 16. THE EPODES OF HORACE. 243

If, built on Palatine, the height
Of his own towrs his eyes engage;
The Roman and the Latian state,
Extend he to a longer date,
And still a better age!

And may Diana, who controuls
Mount Algidus and Aventine;
To those great men that keep the rolls,
And to the youths that lift their souls,
A gracious ear incline!

That Jove, and all the gods, will bless
Our pray'rs, good hope my thoughts forebode;
THE CHORUS, who such skill possess,
Phcebus and Dian to address,
In this thanksgiving ode.

PROSE INTERPRETATION.

fructed to chant the praises of Phcebus and Diana, carry home with me a good and certain hope, that Jove, and all the inferior gods, entertain a favourable sense of these our supplications.

In order to exercise the student in the Horatian measures, and at the same time (as I trust) to give him no mean entertainment, I have subjoined my translation of Mr. Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia's day, written when I was a youth, and for which I had the honour of a very handsome letter of thanks from that celebrated Author.

C A R M E N

CL. ALEXANDRI POPE

I N

S. CÆCILIAM

LATINE REDDITUM.

ET NUNC

TERTIO EDITUM.

A CHRISTOPHERO SMART,

Aub. Pemb. Cantab. olim Soc et Schol. Academiæ.

—Ego diis amicum

Reddidi carmen docilis modorum

Vatis Horati.

C. A. R. M. E. N.

C. ALEXANDER D. P. P. P.

C. C. E. C. I. L. A. M.

LA. T. D. M. D. D. T. U. M.

T. A. T. U. B. I. T. U. M.

A. C. H. M. O. S. T. E. R. O. S. M. A. T.

LA. T. D. M. D. D. T. U. M.



C A R M E N
I N
S. C Æ C I L I A M.

O D E
O N
S A I N T C E C I L I A ' S D A Y,



C A R M E N

I N

S. C Æ C I L I A M.

I.

DESCENDE cœlo, spiritu quæ melleo

Imples, Camœna, tibias;

Descende, pulsas quæ lyram volucris manu,

Nervumque sopitum excita:

Discat fundere suavitèr severas

Testudo numerosa cantilenas:

Cava classica clangoribus auras

Repleant, resonent tremebundarum

Laquearia convulsa domorum:

Inque vicem lentâ gravia organa majestate

Spirent, augustoque sonore inflata tumescant.

Ut

O D E
O N

SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye nine! descend and sing;

The breathing instruments inspire,

Wake into voice each silent string,

And sweep the sounding lyre!

In a sadly-pleasing strain,

Let the warbling lute complain:

Let the loud trumpet sound,

'Till the roofs all around

The shrill echoes rebound:

While in more lengthen'd notes and flow,

The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark!

Ut clarè, ut placidi molliter auribus

Se furtim bibulis insinuant modi!

Mox tollunt violentum altiùs altiùs

Auditum Superis sonum!

Jamque exultantes numeri atque audacia turgent

Carmina, jam tremulus fractis fluitat furor auris;

Donec minutatim remota,

Jam liquefacta,

Jam moritura,

Murmura languent,

Murmura dulci

Leniter attenuata casu.

II.

Æquas ut servat moderatrix Musica mentes!

Ut premit, aut laxat mollibus imperiis!

Seu gaudiorum turbida pectora

Tumultuosis fluctibus æstuant,

Tranquillat; urgeantve curæ,

Attonitas levat illa mentes.

Belligeris animoso inspirat pectora cantu,

Vulneribus facilem præbet Amoris opem,

Languens ecce! caput Mœstitia erigit,

Morpheus molliculis prosilit e toris,

Ulnas implicitas pandit Inertia,

Audit deciduis Invidia anguibus:

Intestina animi cessant bella; applicat aures

Seditio, neque præcipientes reminiscitur iras.

III. An

Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs:
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Lift'ning envy drops her snakes:
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III. But

III.

Ast ubi dulcis amor patriæ pia mittit in arma,

O! quanto accendunt mavortia tympana pulsu!

Sic, cum prima viam navis tentaret inausam,

Thrax cecinit, puppique lyram tractavit in altâ,

Dum vidit Argo Pelion arduum

Pinus sorores deferere impigras,

Et turba circumfusa mutuo

Semideûm stupuere plausu:

Incedit heros, quisquis audiit sonum,

Flagratque vastâ gloriæ lubidine;

Dux seminudum quisque rapit manu

Ensem, et coruscat multiplicem ægida:

Ad arma sylvæ, ad arma montes,

Terra, mare, astra sonant ad arma!

IV.

Sed, cum per orci limites cavernosi,

Amplexibus quos igneis obit fumans

Phlegethon, Poetam, Morte non minus pollens,

Adire jussit pallidos Amor manes,

Quæ miracula sonorum!

Quæ feralia monstra videri,

Diras per oras diffita!

Horrida

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main:
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms;
Each chief his sev'n-fold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade,
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Love, strong as death, the poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!

Dreadful

Horrida fulgura,
 Vox penetrabilis
 Sæva querentium;
 Et piceï ignis
 Triste crepusculum;
 Diri ululatus,
 Et gemitus gravis
 Mœsta profunditas;

Dumque luunt pœnas animæ, tremuli singultus;
 Sed audin'! audin'! auream ferit chelyn,

Miserisque fecit otium:

En! tenue ut patulis auribus agmen adest!

Quiescit ingens Sisyphî saxum, et suæ

Acclinis Ixion rotæ,

Atque leves ineunt pallida spectra choros!
 Ferratis sua membra toris collapsa reclinant
 Oblitæ irarum Eumenides, et lurida circum
 Colla auscultantes sese explicuere colubri!

V.

Per fluentorum vada, quæ perenni

Rore delibant sinuosa ripas;

Per levem, siqua Elysi vireta

Ventilat aura;

Per beatorum Genios colentes

Arva, quæ passim asphodelis renidet

Gramen auratis, amaranthinive

Tegmina prati;

Pen

Dreadful gleams,

Dismal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans,

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts!

But hark! he strikes the golden lyre,

And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,

See, shady forms advance!

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance!

The furies sink upon their iron beds,

And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,

By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er th' Elysian flow'rs,

By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of asphodel,

Or amaranthine bow'rs,

By the heroes armed shades,

Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,

By the youths that dy'd for love,

Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,

s

Restore,

Per duces, si quis dubiam per umbram
 Splendidis latè loca lustrat armis;
 Myrteæ et quisquis querulus vagatur

Incola sylvæ;

Reddite (vos rapuistis enim) mihi reddite sponsam;
 Obtestor, parilive adjungite me quoque fato!

Canit, canenti Dis ferus annuit,

Ceditque blandarum harmoniæ precum,

Et victa mansuescunt severæ

Persephones sine more corda.

Io Triumphè! Mors et Orcus Orpheo

Lætantur domitore domari,

Vatemque mirâ insigniunt victoriâ!

Fata obstant—novies Styx circumfusa coercet—

Nequicquam—vincit musica, vincit amor.

VI.

Sed nimiùm, heu! nimiùm impatiens respexit amator:

Ah! cecidit, cecidit, subitoque elapsa refugit!

Quâ prece jam furdas flectes, temerarie, Parcas?

At tu, si crimen, crimen amantis habes.

Nunc pendulis sub antris,

Jugesve propter undas,

Ubi callibus reductis

Temerè vagatur Hebrus,

Heu! solus, neque

Auditus, neque

Cognitus ulli,

Fletus integrat,

Teque

Restore, restore Eurydice to life;
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
 He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the poet's prayer;
 Stern Proserpine relented
 And gave him back the fair.
 Thus song cou'd prevail
 O'er death and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious!
 Tho' fate had fast bound her,
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
 Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the fall of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders
 Rolling in mæanders,
 All alone
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan,
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost!

Teque gemens vocat, Eurydice,

Perdita, perdita,

Heu! omne in ævum perdita!

Nunc totum Eumenides exagitant, jugis

En! canæ Rhodopes in gelidis tremit,

Ardescens tremit, insanit, spemque abjicit omnem,

Ecce! per avia lustra furens fugit ocyor Euro;

Evæ! perstrepat, audin, ut Hæmus, et ingemit evæ!—

—Ah! petit!—

Eurydicen tamen extremâ cum voce profundit,

Eurydicen tremulo murmure lingua canit,

Eurydicen nemus,

Eurydicen aquæ,

Eurydicen montes, gemebundaque saxa retorquent,

VII.

Luctus musica temperat feroces,

Et fati levat ingruentis ictus:

Dulcis musica mollitèr dolorem

Mutat lætitia; sonante plectro

Spes averſa redit, Furor recumbit:

Nobis illa eadem breves adauget

Terræ delicias, opesque cœli

Præſentire docet remotiores.

Hinc ſolum cecinit Numen, memor, unde beatam

Ceperat harmoniam et modulamina non ſua; Virgo.

Organa plena choris ubi magnifico concentu

Miſcentur, aures applicantur cœlitum;

Terreſtres

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY. 259

Now with furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows
Amidst Rhodope's snows;
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries —
—Ah! see he dies!

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear,
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear:

Terrestres animæ tolluntur in astra tument
Carminè, divinoque alitur sacra flamma fusore;
Dum prona cœlo pendet angelùm cohors.
Orpheùm, Pierides, tandem tacuisse licebit,
Cæciliam a vobis nobiliora manent:
Vix ille Eurydicen sine fruge reduxit ab umbris;
Illa animam e terris, et super astra vehit.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY. 261

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To night Cecilia greater power is giv'n;
His numbers raise'd a shade from hell,
Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

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DE
VITA HORATII
ET
EJUS SCRIPTIS.

QU. HORATIUS FLACCUS anno Romæ
689. L. Aurelio Cottâ, & L. Manlio Torquato Con-
sûlibus, Venusiæ, in confinio Apuliæ & Lucaniæ, nec
longè ab Aufido fluvio, natus est, patre Libertino. Is,
cum ex Coactoris opera, potentioribus egregiè navata,
commodè viveret : quodque vir sagax filii lætam in-
dolem & acre perspexisset ingenium, eum Romam
portavit adhuc puerum ; honestèque vestito, magistros
eligens in urbe doctissimos, servos etiam addidit qui
sequerentur. Itaque inter Equitum liberos, Senato-
rumque, liberalissimè educatus, ea didicit omnia, quæ

isti tantò digniores, clariòresque docebantur: summâ interim curâ advigilante, ac fermè omnibus locis præsente, optimo patre, ne quid accideret quo filii mores corrumpèrentur. Quâ custodiâ factum, ut per eam ætatem, non modò pudicum servaret, verum ab omni turpitudinis suspicione alienum. Humanitatis & eloquentiæ studiis Romæ imbutus Athenas pètiit, quæ jam acceperat perpoliturus, additurusque Philosophiam. Vacabat illi, quando post Cæsarem occisum, Brutus Macedoniam petens, ac bellum meditans, annos natum 22. ex Philosopho militem, imò Tribunum militum fecit. Sed neutri ea res benè cessit. Horatius enim è schola recens, & armorum rudis, relictâ, ut ipse confitetur, parmulâ è Philippenfi prælio fugit; Brutus verò, eodem periit. Patrono itaque destitutus Horatius, & rebus necessariis carens, navi, quæ prope merfa est ad promontorium Palinurum, quàm primùm potuit, rediit Romam; ibique ad versus faciendos, instigante nimirum genio, & impellente necessitate, contulit sese. Legerunt ejus aliquot Odas Virgilius & Varius, Poëtæ tum in urbe clari; feceréque laudando, ut novi apud Latinos Carminis autorem videre, & alloqui Mæcenas cuperet. Interrogavit ille, more suo paucis, Horatium, cujas esset? quo patre natus? aliaque hujusmodi, quæ omnia ut erat ingenuè confessus, placuit quidem, non tamen statim admissus in familiam est. Sed, sive explorare hominem diligentius Mæcenas vellet; seu nollet eum facere suum antè quàm illi veniam militiæ Philip-

pensis

penſis obtinuiffet à Cæſare Octavio, qui fortè nondum redierat è Macedonia : non niſi nono ab hinc menſe vocatus eſt à Mæcenate, juſſuſque verbis quàm honeſtiſſimis : ipſum in numero amicorum habere, ſub finem anni ſui 23. aut ſequentis principium. Dubitari autem non poteſt quin eo maximè novem menſium ſpatio, quo ſpe conceptâ nobiliſſimæ clientelæ, dilatus eſt : Odis prioribus, alias adjecerit, quibus ſe Mæcenati magis magisque in dies probaret, ejuſque dignus benevolentia putaretur. Ex his videntur inter cæceras eſſe ſecunda & decima-quarta libri primi, quâ utraque Octavio Cæſari mirè blanditur, Mæcenate haud dubiè multum laudante ſapiens conſilium. Alia fuit Epistoſarum ratio, & Satyrarum. Hoc enim geminum ſcribendi genus, non priùs attingit, quàm Mæcenatis, etiamque Auguſti amicitia clarus, utraque factus eſſet contra invidia tela munitior : ſolamque his temporibus nempe ætatis anno 25. ſcriptam ab eo conſtat Satyram quintam libri primi, planè innoxiam, cum Mæcenati adfuiffet Româ Brundifium proficiſcenti ad reconciliandum Cæſari Antonio. Hinc factum ut quanquam totâ deinceps vitâ Odas ſemper aliquas ſcripſerit : pleræque tamen ante Satyras & Epistoſas, non modò ſint elaboratæ, verùm & in priores tres qui circumferuntur Carminum libros compactæ ; cum illo Epodon. Odarum enim qui quartus numeratur, poſtremorum ferè annorum eſt opus, quod Auguſto volente in Druſi præcipuè laudem conſcripſit, ut quæ hic in Germania, fortiter & feliciter

ter, per hæc tempora fecerat, à tanto Vate celebrarentur.

Cælibem totâ vitâ Horatium ; nec tamen totâ castum fuisse, ex æquo certum est. Opes, præterim à Mæcenate, habuit, quantas oportuit, ne quid deesset : certus se plura accepturum, si cuperet. Inter cætera Villam in Sabinis ab eo donatam, non sine grati animi sensu commemorat. Ab Augusto, dubium non est, quin aliqua sit consecutus, etsi de his siluerit. Imperatorio nempe fastigio putavit dignius ; si, quæ egisset Princeps ; quàm, quid privato homini donavisset ; suis carminibus consignatum relinqueret.

De illius ingenio, nihil opus est dicere, cum id abundè emicet ex singulis propè apicibus eorum quæ scripsit. Ac planè summum extitisse oportet, quod præter Mæcenatem, Agrippam, & ipsum Augustum : etiam Virgilio, Vario, Albio, Tibullo, Pollioni & aliis tam multis eruditione & genere clarissimis viris, dum viveret, insatiabiliter placuerit ; post mortem verò, hætenus omnibus.

Quod ad illius sectam Philosophicam attinet : nihil æquè est certum ac nullius fuisse, ut disertè ipse testatur provectâ jam ætate maturus, ac seridò, si usquam loquens in 1 Epist. l. 1. ubi postquam significavit nugis
se

se omnibus tandem omiffis vacare velle. Philosophiæ :
subjungit :

Ac ne fortè roges quo me Duce, quo Lare tuter

Nullius addictus jurare in verba Magistri

Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor hoſpes.

Et benè dixit, *hoſpes* : neque enim ſi quid ex Secta aliqua ſemel probaverat, ſemper probabat : ſed more hoſpitum apud ſingulos tandiu erat, quandio libebat. Ita poſtquam initio cum Stoicis & Academicis fanè ſenſerat de Deorum in res humanas providentia : viſus eandem eſt negare cum Epicuro, in fine Sat. 5. l. 1. quam ſcripſit adhuc juvenis ut modò dixi. Iterumque Ode 29. l. 1. errorum hunc eſſe agnoſcens, damnavit ; ac religioſè deinceps judicavit de Diis, invocans eos paſſim & rogans, pro ſe, pro Mæcenate, pro Auguſto, Romano populo, &c. ut veriffimè dici poſſit Horatium nihil minùs quàm Epicureum fuiſſe. Nam quòd Epift. 4. l. 1. ſe vocat *Epicuri de grege porcum* : nihil aliud quàm cum ſuo Tibullo ridere voluit ; ſeque ſignificare pinguem eſſe ac nitidum, quales erant Epicureæ doctrinæ ſectatores ; & quales ſi adſcribere voluerimus Epicureis, non Horatii ſolum, ſed prope omnium ſectam eſſe oporteat.

Corpore fuit obefo & brevi ; lippis oculis. Vivere deſiit eodem anno cum Mæcenate ; ſed tamen poſt illum

illum ; ætatis suæ 57. Romæ verò 746. nimirum C. Marcio Censorino, & Asino Pollione Coss. Humatum in Esquiliis, tradunt, & quidem juxtà Mæcenatem : quem, cum in fundo proprio, magnatum more, tumulum sibi vivens pararet : etiam Horatio illic suo posuisse, plus quàm vero simile est.

DE MÆCENATIS

STIRPE VERE REGIA.

HORATII tanquam pars altera Mæcenas est ;
eujus etsi vitam non scribo : famam tamen in isto ope-
ris antecessu tueri breviter, & defendere genus, cum
mihi honestum, tum eruditis omnibus quos impensè
amavit gratissimum fore confido. Nempè, cum tan-
tum Virum regiâ ortum prosapiâ omnes ad hanc diem
crediderint : Horatii demum interpret Gallicus, nuper
est ausus velut repetundarum accusare, cum primâ suâ
in primum versum animadversione, disertè affirmavit
errasse omnes quicunque Reges ex quibus editus
Mæcenas dicitur, non intellexissent, pro Magnati-
bus positos,

Sed, ut omittam, quàm periculosa res sit, unum
contra omnes sentire : quærere liceat : cum plerisque
in locis reges sint veri reges, nec solùm optimate aut
opulenti homines : quid causæ sit cur hîc tropicam so-
lum significationem admitti velit, non autem propriam ?
si

si id cuique privato velle aut nolle pro arbitrio liceat :
licebit etiam veros plurimos reges grammatico edicto
exauctorare, & purpurâ spoliatos in ordinem redigere.

At, inquit, incredibile est, si verè reges extitissent Mæcenatis Majores aliqui, tacituros rem tantam Historicos. Quid ergo? si reges extitisse affirmarent Historici, crederis: asservanti semel, iterumque Horatio, non credis? Atqui hoc magis credi Horatio debuit, quod Mæcenati intimus, historiam illius domesticam ignorare non potuit; nec hic Poëtam sed Historicum agit. Crederem, dices, si veris ortum regibus Mæcenatem affirmaret Horatius: ille vero hoc solum asserit, regibus editum. Vis ergo veros ubique reges dici, quicumque veri sunt? hoc si est opus, ne ipsis quidem jam Historicis credes, veros ullos fuisse. Hi nempe ipsos reges verissimos, non aliter vocant quam reges; nec usquam regum filios, nisi regibus editos tradunt. Ejus si rei quæraturn à me ratio: videtur ea optima: quod cum Historicorum proprium munus sit, res ex vero tractare: metaphoris, ubi presertim de magnis rebus serio agitur, planè abstineant. Cumque nihil sit majus quam Regem esse, & Rege editum: nullum qui verè ejusmodi non sit, talem affirmant. Cur ergo de Rege acturi, verum insuper dicant? Quod autem de Historicis aio, censendum idem est de Poëtis sicubi Historicos agunt, ut hoc loco Horatius, & post illum Propertius ejusdem temporis clarus Poëta, qui certè nisi veris & ipse regibus editum crederet Mæcenatem, non ita scriberet.. l. 3.

Mæcenat

Mæcenæ eques Etrusco de sanguine Regum.

Indidem factum censeo : ut in tot Marmorum Numerumque Inscriptionibus, neminem, nobilissimum licet ditissimumque, legamus appellatum Regem, qui verè regia dignitate non esset ; aut affirmatum prodiiisse à regibus, qui metaphoricis duntaxat regibus natus esset. Nec alia est hodièque consuetudo : sed in honorum Titulis, in Elogiis, sive liber inscribitur, sive statua subscribitur, sive publici aliquid operis literario monumento in laudem alicujus ornatur ; ambigui nihil vocabuli admittimus, quod significatu ancipiti dicacitatem provocet, invidi, malignique lectoris.

Quod si quandòque, ac præsertim apud Poëtas, regis appellatione donatos legimus, qui revera non essent reges, sed aut patroni, potentes amici, aut opulenti solum magnates ; id certè ita ubique fit, ut facilè quis intelligat vocis abusum, & metaphoram esse, non serio, sed ex notissima adulatione aut familiaritate loquentium ; quod certè hîc locum non habet.

Verum ne scrupulus ullus supersit : ideo dico, de ista Mæcenatis profapia vix quidquam habere Historicos : 1. quod ejus Viri Acta dedicâ operâ nemo tractarit. Etsi enim doctos omnes plurimum fovit : præcipuâ tamen benevolentia complexus Poëtas, eosdem quoque sibi magis demeruit benefaciendo, unde & horum præcipuè laudibus ornatus est, & ab eisdem affirmatus,

cautus

editus regibus; regum progenies; & de Etrusco sanguine Regum. 2. Quod jam non è proximo fluere hic sanguis regius in Mæcenatis venas: regali dignitate apud Etruscos modicâ, neque perpetuâ, in alias pridem familias transmissâ. Nam quod *atavos Reges* canit Horatius, non unum aliquem designat gradum genealogiæ, sed incertum, & quemvis. Quemadmodum in illo versu *& genus & praeavos & quæ non fecimus ipsi, &c.* temporaria autem ista & defixa decora familiarum, quis nescit sensim obliterari, & in dies marcescere? 3. Denique, quod majus quiddam in Mæcenate atque ipsius proprium erat quod celebrarent, ut affatim omnes fecere. Qui etenim meminerit quod Dionysius Halic. Florus & alii tradunt: fuisse olim Tusciæ reges eodem tempore 12. qui etsi veri reges, fascibus, trabeâ, sceptro, & coronis insignes essent, singuli tamen singulis urbibus duntaxat dominabantur, ut Clusio Porfenna: videbit idem neque illud tam nihil extitisse, ut omitteretur ab omnibus; neque tantum fuisse ut prædicari oporteret à singulis; possetque comparari cum eo fastigio quo Mæcenas Romæ ascenderat, charissimus virtute propria factus Augusto, ejusdem ordinarius in rebus omnibus consiliarius; ac demum, ipso Româ multos annos absente, non solum Urbi, sed toti etiam Italiæ cum summa potestate Præfectus & Romani Imperii tanquam Vicarius. Prædicare ergo Historici de Mæcenate, quod summum atque ipsius erat; quod *atavorum* & longè inferius, prætermisere: neque hinc jure colligat quisquam non esse Tusciæ regibus editum Mæcenatem.

SYNOPSIS CHRONOLOGICA

ROMANÆ HISTORIÆ,

Ad intelligendum Horatium necessariæ.

Ab anno Romæ 710. qui fuit Augusti 19. & Horatii 21.

ad annum Romæ 746. qui fuit Augusti 55.

Horatii 57. & ultimus.

ANNI.			JULIUS CÆSAR expeditionem in Parthos meditans, cum in Senatum de ea acturus venisset, occiditur à Conjuratis. Secuta sunt cædem tonitrua ingentia, & fulmina, quibus sacræ ædes plurimæ tactæ, & statuæ multæ dejectæ, copiosissimè insuper pluit, & aliquoties etiam lapidibus. Tiberis latè exundavit.
Roma.	Augusti.	Horatii.	
710	19	21	
711	20	22	Hirtio & Pansa Coss. bello Mutinensi, quod M. Antonius invidiâ Octavii mo-
			verat,

T

ANNI.			verat, mortuis : idem Octavius defuncti Cæsaris hæres præcipuus, & ab eo in Fa- miliam, nomenque adoptatus, annos tan- tum natus 20. substituitur mense Aug. in consulatu cum Q. Pedio. Huic Octavius persuadet, ut legem ferri curet de vindi- canda Cæsaris nece. Triumviratus ex Julio Cæsare Octavio, M. Antonio, & M. Lepido constituitur.
Ro- mæ.	An- gu- sti.	Ho- ra- tii.	
712	21	23	Legi latæ obsecuturi Octavius & An- tonius, relicto Romæ Lepido, qui cum Munatio Planco Consul tum erat, confe- runt se cum exercitu in Macedoniam, cum eo prævissent Brutus & Cassius præ- cipui inter Cæsaris interfectores : quos præliis duobus intra paucos dies com- missis ad urbem Philippos fundunt, & mori cogunt. Interfuit istis certaminibus Horatius cum illum Brutus Athenis Phi- losophiæ vacantem abduxisset, & mili- tum Tribunum fecisset.
713	22	24	Romam reddit Octavius, quem inter & Antonium ex variis causis orta brevi discordia ; ac demum ab Antonio Brun- dusium obsessum, quod Octavius occu- parat.
714	23	25	Pax inter Octavium & Antonium ad Brundusium componitur, per communes amicos eo Româ profectos. Horum præ- cipui

ANNI.			cipui fuere Afinius Pollio tum Consul, & Mæcenas quem in itinere comitatus Horatius est, hoc eodem anno, Præturam. gessit Agrippa, admodum splendide.
Ro- mæ.	Au- gu- sti.	Ho- ra- tii.	
715	24	26	Cum in procincto ad pugnam essent, hinc quidem Sextus Pompeius, Magni filius, illinc vero Triumviri Octavius & Antonius: inita est Pax altera ad Misenum Campaniæ promontorium: sed quæ diu non tenuit. Afinius Pollio de Parthinis Illyrici populis à se subactis triumphavit.
716	25	27	Octavius repudiata Scribonia Juliæ matre, Liviam Drusillam duxit, ultro eam ipsi cedente viro suo Claudio Tiberio Nerone, cum jam Tiberium edidisset, Drusumq; utero sextum mensem gestaret, qui apud Cæsarem natus est.
717	26	28	Portus ingens ad Baias conficitur, vicino mari in Lacus Avernum & Lucrinum immisso; præsidente Operi Agrippa. Eo Cæsar se contulit bellum contra Pompeium præparans. Præfecto Urbi Mæcenate, non in hunc tantum annum, sed in alios deinceps plures.
718	27	29	Parata jam Classe Cæsar Baiis solvit contra S. Pompeium Siciliam tenentem, & à duobus annis parum quietum. Eum bis vicit Agrippa navali prælio unde Ro-

A N N I.			stratâ primus coronâ donatus est. Sic fractô, fugatoque Pompeio, Cæsar rediit Romam, ubi multis magnisque à Senatu & Populo laudibus & honoribus ex- ceptus est, ac Domo publica donatus. Pompeius interim per quosdam ab An- tonio missos intercipitur, ac paulo post occiditur. Ventidius Pacorum Orodís Parthorum Regis filium in acie occidit; M. vero Antonius vincitur à Phraate Pacori fratre. Id bellum imprudenter suscepit Antonius consilio Monæsis Parthi, qui suis iratus multa promiserat quæ deinde non præstitit, legatione & pro- missis à Phraate clam delinitus.
Ro- mæ.	An- gu- sti.	Ho- ra- tius.	
719	28	30	S. Pompeio mortuo, compositurus Africam Cæsar, in Siciliam trajecerat : quando Salassi, Taurisci, Liburni, & Iapydes, Pannoniæ & Illyrico vicini po- puli apertè rebellantes, coegerunt contra se arma vertere. Aliis ad alios subigen- dos missis, ipse Cæsar propriè Iapydas bello petiit, obsessaque Metulo maxima eorum urbe, cum conaretur è turri lignea murum conscendere graviter vulneratus est. His tamen domitis, impetita Pan- nonia; Scisciaque civitas regionis caput expugnata. Jamque in Galliam progres- sus erat Cæsar contra Brittannos perfectu- rus,

ANNI.			
Ro- mæ.	Au- gu- sti.	Ho- ra- tii.	
			rus, quando nunciata est altera nuper subactorum Dalmatarum rebellio : contra quam missus primum Agrippa ; ivit deinde ipse Cæsar ibi de novo sauciatus ; Mena vero occisus, M. Pompeii quondam libertus, & Sexti nuper adjutor in bello vehemens, tandemque factus Cæsarianus. Ex Dalmatarum devictorum manubiis jubente Cæsare fornices facti, decretæque Bibliothecæ in honorem Sororis, Octavianæ appellandæ.
721	30	32	Ædilitas Agrippæ ultro delata, gesta ab eo est magnificentiâ maximâ.
722	31	33	M. Antonius in Ægypto & Cæsar Romæ commorans, mutuis se per multiplices literas conquestionibus exacerbant, quæ demum erupere in apertum bellum quod isto anno utrinque est ritè indictum, Octaviâ etiam sorore Cæsaris ab Antonio repudiatâ.
723	32	34	Cæsar III. Consul cum Messala Corvino, Mæcenate prius, non urbi modo, ut ante, sed toti etiam Italiæ præposito, Brundusio solvens, non in Peloponnesum, aut in Achaïam, quo contra ipsum processerat Antonius, sed in Epirum contra maximam partem classis quam illic habebat contendit ; locumque occupavit prope Actium, sublimem, ac castris idoneum

A N N I.			unde in mare, in portum, & naves Antonii liber prospectus erat. Accurrit festinato Antonius ; & pugnâ initâ, cum Cæsar vincere, à spectante Cleopatra putaretur : fugit primum illa, ac subinde Antonius celeritate tantâ ut neutrum assequi potuerint missi ad persequendum. Naves nihilominus plurimæ ad fugam tardiores post acre ac longum certamen exustæ sunt. Contigit hæc victoria die 2 Septembris, quæ prima numeratur imperantis absque consorte Octavii. Hic statim Ludos instituit in honorem Apollinis, qui apud Actium colebatur ; urbemque victoriæ monumentum ædificavit in loco castrorum Nicopolim dictam ; æmulatus fortè Pompeium M. qui olim de Armeniis victor, ejusdem nominis, apud eos civitatem fundarat. His rebus gestis Octavius recepit se per Syriam in Asiam, ubi dum hiemaret, conventus est à Tiridate Partho opem rogante contra regem suum Phraaten, quem subditi propter sævitiam expulerant, Tiridate substituto.
Ro- mæ.	Au- gu- sti.	Ho- ra- tii.	
724	33	35	Cleopatra quæ se ex fuga in Peloponnesum cum M. Ant. ad tempus receperat : eo ibi relicto, ne sui tumultuarentur, Alexandriam in Ægyptum contendit.

Cæsar

ANNI.			Cæsar vero victor, & cum M. Licinio Crasso IV. Consul, vela in Italiam fecit ; appellensque Brundisium, totam penè Romam ibi obviam habuit gratulandi causâ: Senatum, Equitis, & plebis mag- nam partem. Sed ille hostem oprimen- dum ratus antequam resumeret vires, trigesimo postquam venerat die, renavi- gans, Ægyptum petiit; potitusque Pe- lusio, ipsam brevi Alexandriam urbem regiam cepit, & in ea Antonium ac Cleopatram. Et Antonius quidem cum putaret Cleopatram voluntariâ morte vitam finisse, adacto gladio se interfecit nondum viso victore; Regina vero cum aliquid speraret, vivere primum maluit; mox tamen se captivam intelligens reserva- ri triumpho, spem suam damnans & mori quærens aliquot menses supervixit invita.
Ro- mæ.	Au- gu- sti	Ho- ra- tii.	
			<p>Dum ista in Ægypto fierent, venit eo Tiridates Parthus Cæsaris, opem iterum imploraturus contra Phraaten, qui & ipse jam victor, & in proprium regnum, Scytharum ope restitutus, legatos ad Cæ- sarem misit. Excusarat anno superiore Cæsar, susceptum præfens bellum contra Cleopatram, ne Tiridatem adjuvaret: neque tamen eo confecto, certo quidquam promisit. Gaudebat enim Parthos turbis</p>

ANNI.			domesticis debilitari; solumque Tiridati permisit in Syria esse; ipse vero Italiam repetens, parvum Phraatis filium, quem Tiridates à se interceptum donaverat, secum Romam adduxit Obsidis loco habiturus.
Roma.	Augusti.	Hortensii.	
725	34	36	Octavius V. Consul Lepido prius in ordinem redacto! mortuoque nuper Antonio planè solus jam imperans, nomen admittit Imperatoris, & Romam redux, Jano clauso, tres continuos dies triumphat; Primo, de Pannoniis, Dalmatis, & Iapydis olim victis; secundo, de Victoria Actiaca; tertio, de Ægypto subacta, Multisque aliis & inusitatis honoribus affectus: videri voluit deliberare de Principatu deponendo, & reddenda Populo Romano potestate, auditis super ea re Agrippæ atque Mæcenatis contrariis consiliis.
726	35	37	Et si acquieverat Cæsar Mæcenatis rationibus retinendum omnino Principatum probantis: cum tamen ipse, dissimulandi gratiâ, atque ut cogi videretur, orationem in Senatu habuisset de Imperio à se deponendo: omnibus summe ejus potentie atque felicitati adulantibus, contigit quod volebat, ut retinere compelleretur, Nihilominus adhuc dividi Provincias vo-

luit

ANNI.			luit inter se & Populum Rom. Consi- liarios etiam ordinarios semestres adhibuit ex omni Magistratum ordine delectos, quibus autoribus pleraque à se fieri puta- rentur. Hoc etiam anno ut pacis Arti- bus pax prodesset; Cæsar templum Apol- lini in Palatio dedicans, in porticu vicina amplissimam addidit Bibliothecam; aliis- que item locis plurimas dedicavit. Ludos prætereâ, quinquennales deinceps futuros, in honorem Apollinis celebravit.
Ro- mæ.	Au- gu- sti,	Ho- ra- tii.	
727	36	38	Cæsar ob tot, tantæque res præclarè ac feliciter gestas, cum esset omnibus ad- mirationi: tanquam homine major ac diis accedens, à Sen. Populoque Rom. delatum nomen Augusti, accipit; paulo- que post cum exercitu in Britannos movet. Sed hi præmissis ad eum legatis in Gal- liam, pacem orant: quæ dum tractatur Cæsar Galliis ordinandis vacat hoc anno reliquo & parte sequentis.
728	37	39	Augusto VIII. & M. Statilio Tauro Coss. cum conveniri satis non posset de pacis conditionibus: trajicere serio pa- rabat in Brittanniam idem Augustus, quando Asturum & Cantabrorum nun- tiateda rebellio illum eo vocavit.
729	38	40	Cantabri, Asturesque variis vincuntur præliis; ægrotansque Augustus Tarraco- nem

A N N I.			nem se recipit. Romam redit, & Janum claudit. Marcelloque nepoti Juliam filiam in matrimonio collocat.
Roma.	Augusti.	Horatii.	
73 ^o	39	41	Senatus Augustum omnibus legum vinculis solvit. Ælius Largus expeditione parum felici Arabas petit.
73 ⁱ	40	42	Augustus Consul designatus L. Sestium sibi substituit. Tiridates Parthus Romam venit è Syria, rogaturus de novo Augustum ut se contra Phraaten juvaret; promittensque se Romanis vectigalem facturum Parthiam si eam consequatur ipsorum viribus Phraates contra, missis legatis postulat, dedit sibi Tiridatem rebellem subditum. Augustus Tiridatem quidem Phraati non dedit: imo Tiridati permisit, ut Romæ degeret: ad Phraaten vero ultro remisit filium quem sextum jam annum Romæ habebat, ut pro eo Captivos Signaque militaria Crassi & Antonii cladibus amissa reciperet. Hæc tamen nondum Phraates reddidit. Augustus graviter ægrotat: Marcellus vero ejus nepos & gener ædilitatem hoc anno gerens moritur, omnibus magnoperè charus & lamentatus; quemque vulgo putabant homines, si quid Cæsari accidisset; ejus potentiae successorem futurum.

Fannius

ANNI.			Fannius Cæpio, & Murena Licinius, frater Terentiæ, conjugis Mæcenatis, cum aliis nonnullis in Augusti perniciem conspirarunt, qui cum ad dictam diem in judicio non comparuissent, exilio primum damnati, mox etiam necati sunt.
Ro- mæ.	Au- gu- sti.	Ho- ra- ti.	
732	41	43	
733	42	44	M. Lollio, & Quinto Lepido Coss. Augustus Roma in Siciliam abiit; unde missô Agrippa (quem suum etiam generum tunc fecit) ad urbem regendam: ipse Provincias ordinaturus in Græciam transit cum exercitu, atque illinc in Asiam.
734	43	45	Phraates, metu Augusti cum copiis ingressi Asiam, tandem ad eum, sæpè frustra petitas Romanas Aquilas, Signaque militaria, Crassianâ olim, & nuper Antonianâ cladibus amissa remisit cum Captivis, qui adhuc supererant; obtulitque obsides pacem rogans. Hanc vero incruentam victoriam maximi semper fecit Augustus; ob eamque non solum sacrificia, sed Templum quoque Jovi ultori decrevit in Capitolio. Numismate insuper cuso cum hac Epigraphe: <i>Signis receptis</i> . Hoc ipso tempore nascitur Augusto nepos Cajus ex Julia filia, & Agrippæ uxore. Tiberius vero in Armeniam cum exercitu mittitur, ut Trigranem Romanis

A N N I.			Romanis amicum ei regem præficeret pro fratre Artabaze his populis ingrato. Virgilius Athenas petit Æneidem perpoliturus quam annis fermè 12. scripserat.
Ro- mæ.	Au- gu- sti.	Ho- ra- tii.	
735	44	46	Romam ex Asia rediens Augustus accepit apud Samum Legatos Indorum, aliorumque populorum amicitiam postulantium. Athenas autem progressus cum illic invenisset Virgilium, eum secum reduxit in Italiam. Sed ille cum in navi ægrotare cœpisset, Brundusii mortuus est 22. Septemb. anno ætatis 51. prope expleto.
			Augustus Romæ redditus, & Magister morum creatus ad quinquennium, Agrippam, tum Urbis, tum Italiæ Præfecturâ relevatum, præfecit Galliis tumultuantibus, quibus compositis, transiit idem in Hispaniam adversus Astures, Cantabrosque, è quibus omnes prope delevit, qui militari erant ætate; cæteros dearmatos è montibus ad plana transtulit.
736	45	47	Leges multæ, ab Augusto sunt latæ, & vocatæ, Augustæ.
737	46	48	Sæculares Ludos magno apparatu celebrat Cæsar, Cajumque & Lucium Agrippæ & Juliæ filios adhuc pueros adoptat.

Augustus

ANNI.			Augustus varios Alpinarum gentium motus, plurimorumque Germaniæ populorum, inter eos Tenctherorum, Usipetarum, ac Sicambrorum, qui Lollium Præfectum clade quoque affecerant, coerciturus, Roma cui Statilius Taurus interim Præfectus est in Galiam abiit, Tiberio secum adducto, Druso vero ejus fratre relicto in Urbe ut pro Tiberio absente Præturam anno reliquo administraret. Sicambri porro, alique istis conjuncti Augustum veriti, sine pugna sunt victi, & ad sua se recipientes, tum quidem quieverunt.
Roma.	Augusti.	Historia.	
738	47	49	
739	48	50	Rhætis & Vindelicis inter Noricum, id est, Bavariam, & Galliam ad Alpes Tridentinas positis, Italiam infestantibus, Augustus Drusum adversus eos jussit Româ procedere; cumque iidem ab Italia repulsi, urgerent Galliam; misit ex ea Tiberium à quo adjutus Drusus eos in ordinem redegit, multis eorum millibus patria ejectis, & ad Rhenum locatis.
740	49	51	Augustus, etiam hoc anno in Galliis subsistens, non modo res earum, sed Germanicas insuper atque Hispanicas ordinare perrexerit.
741	50	52	Druso in Germania relicto, Augustus Romam redit, ubi Julius Antonius Triumphum

viri

A N N I.			viri filius, Prætor, natalem diem Cæsa- ris equestri certamine celebravit, addita Venatione, cum Epulo, quod Augusto ipsi & Senatoribus dedit in Capitolio, ex Senatus-consulto.
Ro- mæ.	Au- gu- sti.	Ho- ra- tii.	
742	51	53	Cum mortuus esset Agrippa, & adhuc pueri essent Cajus & Lucius illius ex Ju- lia filii: ne Imperium invidiâ pertubare- tur, invitus licet Augustus Tiberium rebus admovit propius, eique Juliam Agrippæ viduam, conjugem dedit. Et quoniam metu Agrippæ soluti Pannonii non quiescebant, adversus illos missus est idem Tiberius. Similiter Sicambri eorum- que auxiliarii, cum & ob Augusti absen- tiam, & quod viderent Gallos jugum ferre gravatè, bellum movissent; rediisset- que Cæsar in Lugdunensem Galliam Ger- maniæ propriorem, magnis à Druso cladibus affecti sunt, ut à Tiberio Pannonii.
743	52	54	Paulo Fabio maximo, & Tuberone Coss. Sicambri, Usipetæ, Chatti, alique Germani populi, à Druso: Pannonii vero, Dalmatæ, & Daci à Tiberio iterum victi.
744	53	55	Augustus cum utroque privigno victore, victor Romam se recipit: ubi, quæ re- portatâ victoriâ fieri solent & decet, peracta

ANNI.

Roma.	Augusti,	Horatii.
745	54	56
746	55	57

peracta sunt, Julo Antonio, & Quinto Fabio Maximo Coss.

Quinctio Crispino Consulè & collega Drusi (quem Dio hic vocat Neronem Claudium Tiberi filium Drusum) idem Drusus superato Visurgi fluvio ad Albim progressus, vulgo *l'Elbe*: in medio cursu victoriarum, in morbum incidit; cumque regrederetur, & jam ad eum pervenisset frater Tiberius Ab Augusto properè missus: priusquam ad Rhenum pertingeret, mortuus est.

C. Marcio Censorino, & Asinio Gallo Coss. mortui quoque Romæ sunt Mæcenæ & Horatius, amboque in Esquiliis ubi domum & hortos habebat Mæcenæ sepulti, proximo utriusque tumulo, ut amicos decebat. Et Mæcenæ quidem, ut refert Plin. l. 7. c. 51. triennio toto ultimo tam insolitâ est vigiliâ vexatus, ut nullo ei horæ momento somnus contigerit. Horatium vero ejus vita quæ adscribitur Suetonio, tradit vi valetudinis oppressum testamentum tabulis consignatum condere

ANNI.			dere nequivisse : sed palam hæredem
Ro- mæ.	Au- gu- sti.	Ho- ra- tii.	Augustum nuncupasse, nulla Mæcena- tis mentione : unde etiam colligitur præ- vise Mæcenatem.

*Quod aliquorum interdum Consulum nomina hic edantur
suppressis cæteris, id causæ est : quod de illis aliquid sit
apud Horatium ; de aliis vero, nihil occurrerit.*

SPECIMINA

SPECIMINA
CARMINUM HORATII.

1. **A** Donium vel Adonidum, *Lib. I. Od. 2.*

Tērrūt ūrbēm.

Od. 10, 12, 20, 22, 25, 30, 32, 38. Lib. II. Od. 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 16. Lib. III. Od. 8, 11, 14, 18, 20, 22, 27. Lib. IV. Od. 2, 6, 11. Epod. 18.

2. Archilochium heptasyllabum, *Lib. IV. Od. 7.*
ābōrībūsquē cōmaē.

3. Pherecratium, *Lib. I. Od. 5.*

Grātō Pýrrhā sūb āntrō.

Od. 14, 21, 23. Lib. III. Od. 7, 13: Lib. IV. Od. 13.

4. Glyconium, *Lib. I. Od. 3.*

Sic tē Dīvā pōtēns Cypri.

Od. 5, 6, 13, 14, 15, 19, 21, 23, 24, 33, 36. Lib. II.

Od. 12. Lib. III. Od. 7, 9, 10, 13, 15, 16, 19, 24, 25, 28. Lib. IV. Od. 1, 3, 5, 12, 13.

U

5. Alcma-

5. Alcmanium Dactylicum, *Lib. I. Od. 7.*

Aūt ēphēsūm bīmārisvē Cōrīnθi.

Od. 28. Epod. 12.

6. Heroicum, *Lib. I. Od. 7.*

Laūdābūnt ālīī clārām Rhōdōn aūt Mītylēnēn.

Od. 28. Lib. IV. Od. 7, 12. Epod. 12, 13, 14, 15. 16.

7. Trochaicum vel Choricum. *Lib. II. Od. 28.*

Nōn ēbūr nēque aurēūm.

8. Iambicum Dimetrum Archilochium, *Epod. 1.*

āmīcē prōpūgnācūlā.

Epod. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15.

9. Alcaicum ennea-syllabum, *Lib. I. Od. 9.*

Sylvāe lābōrāntēs gēlūque.

Od. 16, 17, 26, 27, 29, 31, 34, 35, 37. Lib. II. Od. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 19, 20. Lib. III. Od. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 17, 21, 23, 26, 29. Lib. IV. Od. 4, 9, 14, 15.

10. Iambicum Trimetrum, vel Hendecasyllabum,

Lib. I. Od. 4.

Trāhūntquē siccās māchināe cārīnās.

Lib. II. Od. 18.

11. Iambicum Dimetrum Archilochium, *Ep. 1.*

ibīs Lībūrnīs intēr āltā navīūm.

Epod. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 16, 17.

12. Asclepiadeum, *Lib. I. Od. 1.*

Maecenas atavis editae regibus.

Od. 3, 5, 6, 13, 14, 15, 19, 21, 23, 24, 33, 36. Lib. II.

Od. 12. Lib. III. Od. 7, 9, 10, 13, 15, 16, 19, 24,

25, 28, 30. Lib. IV. Od. 1, 3, 5, 8, 12, 13.

13. Sapphicum, *Lib. I. Od. 2.*

Jam satis terris nivis atque dirae.

Od. 10, 12, 20, 22, 25, 30, 32, 38. Lib. II. Od. 2, 4,

6, 8, 10, 16. Lib. III. Od. 8, 11, 14, 18, 20, 22, 27.

Lib. IV. Od. 2, 6, 11. Epod. 18.

14. Alcaicum Hendecasyllabum, *Lib. I. Od. 9.*

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum.

Od. 16, 17, 26, 27, 29, 31, 34, 35, 37. Lib. II.

Od. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 19, 20. Lib. III.

Od. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 17, 21, 23, 26, 29. Lib. IV.

Od. 4, 9, 14, 15.

15. Alcaicum Decasyllabum, *Lib. I. Od. 9.*

Flumina confiterint acuto.

In iisdem Libris & Odis ut supra in Alcaic. Hend.

16. Phalæcium, *Lib. I. Od. 11.*

Tu ne quaesieris scire nefas quem mihi quem tibi.

Od. 18. Lib. IV. Od. 10.

17. Alcaicum Heptasyllabum, vel Anacreontium,

Lib. I. Od. 8.

Lydia dic per omnes.

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18. Alcaicum Pentekædecasyllabum, *Lib. I. Od. 8.*

Tē dēōs ōrō Sybārīm cūr prōpērēs āmāndō.

19. Ionicum à minori, *Lib. III. Od. 12.*

Misērārum ēst nēque āmōrī dārē lūdūm.

20. Archilochium compositum ex Tetrametro Daëtylico
& Trochaico Dimetro Brachycataleōto, *Lib. I. Od. 4.*

Sōlvitūr ācrīs hyēms grātā vicē vērīs ēt Fāvōnī.

21. Archilochium compositum ex Pentbimimeri Epico
& Iambico Dimetro, *Epod. 11.*

Scribērē vērsiculōs āmōrē pērcūlsūm grāvī.

22. Archilochium compositum ex Iambico Dimetro &
Pentbimimeri Epico, *Epod. 13.*

Nīvēsqūē dēdūcūnt Jōvēm nūnc mārē nūnc silvāē.

SYLLABUS

SYLLABUS
CARMINUM HORATII.

ODARUM Lib. I.

Mæcenas atavis	Od.	1
Jam satis terris		2
Sic te Diva potens Cypri		3
Solvitur acris hiems		4
Quis multa gracilis,		5
Scriberis Vario		6
Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon		7
Lydia dic per omnes		8
Vides ut altâ stet nive		9

Mercuri facunde	Od. 10
Tu ne quæsieris	11
Quem virum aut heroa	12
Quum tu Lydia	13
O navis referent	14
Pastor cum traheret	15
O matre pulchrâ	16
Velox amœnum	17
Nullam Vare sacra vite	18
Mater sæva cupidinum	19
Vile potabis	20
Dianam teneræ	21
Integer vitæ	22
Vitas hinnuleo	23
Quis desiderio sit pudor	24
Parcius junctas	25
Mufis amicus	26
Natis in usum lætitiæ	27
Te maris & terræ	28
Icci beatis	29
O Venus regina Gnidi	30
Quid dedicatum	31
Poscimus si quid vacui	32
Albi ne doleas	33
	Parcus

Parcus deorum cultor Od. 34
 O diva gratum 35
 Et thure, & fidibus 36
 Nunc est bibendum 37
 Perficos odi puer 38

ODARUM Lib. II.

Motum ex Metello 1
 Nullus argento color est 2
 Æquam memento 3
 Ne sit ancillæ 4
 Nondum subacta 5
 Septimi Gades 6
 O sæpe mecum 7
 Ulla si juris tibi 8
 Non semper imbres 9
 Rectius vives Licini 10
 Quid bellicosus Cantaber 11
 Nolis longa feræ bella 12
 Ille & nefasto te posuit 13
 Eheu fugaces Posthume 14
 Jam pauca aratro 15

U 4

Otium

Otium dives rogat	Od.	16
Cur me querelis exanimas		17
Non ebur, neque aureum		18
Bacchum in remotis		19
Non usitata nec tenui		20

O D A R U M Lib. III.

ODI profanum vulgus		1
Angustam amice pauperiem		2
Iustum & tenacem		3
Descende cœlo, & dic age		4
Cœlo tonantem		5
Delicta majorum		6
Quid fles, Asteris,		7
Martijs coelebs		8
Donec gratus eram		9
Extremum Tanain		10
Mercuri, nam te docilis		11
Miserarum est		12
O fons Blandusæ		13
Herculis ritu modo dictus		14
Uxor pauperis Ibici		15

Inclusam

Inclusam Danaen	Od. 16
Æli vetusto nobilis ab Lamo	17
Faune Nympharum	18
Quantum distet ab Inacho	19
Non vides quanto	20
O nata mecum	21
Montium custos	22
Cœlo supinas si tuleris	23
Intactis opulentior.	24
Quo me Bacche rapis	25
Vixi puellis nuper	26
Impios paræ recinentis	27
Festo quid potius die	28
Tyrrhena regum progenies	29
Exegi monumentum	30

ODARUM Lib. IV.

Intermissa Venus	1
Pindarum quisquis	2
Quem tu Melpomene	3
Qualem Ministrum	4
	Divis

Divis orte bonis	Od. 5
Dive quem proles	6
Diffugere nives	7
Donarem pateras	8
Ne forte credas	9
Est mihi nonum	10
Jam veris comites	11
Audivere Lyce	12
Quæ cura patrum	13
Phœbus volentem	14

LIBER EPODON.

I Bis Liburnis	Epd. 1
Beatus ille	2
Parentis olim	3
Lupis & agnis	4
At ô Deorum	5
Quid immerentes	6
Quo, quo, scelesti, ruitis?	7
Quando repostum Cæcubum	8
Mala saluta navis exit	9
	Petri,

Petti, nihil me	10
Horrida tempestas	11
Mollis inertia	12
Nox erat, & cœlo fulgebat	13
Altera jam bellis	14
Jam jam efficaci do manus	15
Quid obferatis auribus	16

Carmen Seculare

Carmen Cl. Alexandri Pope in S. Cæciliam

De Vita Horatii

De Mæcenatis Stirpe vere Regia

Synopsis Chronologica Romanæ Historiæ

Specimina Carminum Horatii.

STYRARUM Lib. I.

QVI fit, Mæcnas	1
Ambubaiaarum	2
Omnibus hoc vitium est	3
Eupolis atque Cratinus	4
Egressum	

Egredium magnâ	5
Non quia Mæcnas	6
Proscripti Regis Rupili	7
Olim truncus eram	8
Ibam fortè viâ sacrâ	9
Nempe incompósito	10

SATYRARUM Lib. II.

SUNT quibus in Satyra	1
Quæ virtus & quantæ	2
Sic raro scribis	3
Unde & quo Catius	4
Hoc quoque Tiresia	5
Hoc erat in votis	6
Jamdudum ausculto	7
Ut Nasidieni juvit te	8

EPISTO-

EPISTOLARUM Lib. I.

PRima dicte mihi	1
Trojani belli scriptorem	2
Juli Flore	3
Albi nostrorum	4
Si potes Archaicis	5
Nil admirari	6
Quinque dies tibi sum pollicitus	7
Celfo gaudere	8
Septimus Claudii	9
Urbis amatorem Fuscum	10
Quid tibi visa Chios	11
Fructibus Agrippa	12
Ut proficiscentem	13
Villice sylvarum	14
Quæ sit hyems Velie	15
Quamvis Scæva, fatic	16
Si bene te novi	17
Prisco si credis	18
Vertumnum, Janumque	19

EPISTO-

EPISTOLARVM Lib. II.

CUM tot sustineas
Flore, bono claroque fidelis

De Arte Poetica.

F I N I S.

WESTMINSTER, 1767.

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